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HOME AND FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BEYOND all question there is a fascination in foreign travel which not even the most beautiful districts in our own land can offer. If the charms of nature, if the treasures of art and architecture were the primary objects of the tourist, it is clear that he would never wish to seek a foreign shore until he had exhausted the treasures of Great Britain. But it is a curious fact that while no man on the face of the earth is so fond of his home as an Englishman, no man is so fond of getting as far away from it as possible. This seeming contradiction is not difficult of explanation. No man who has seen the average Englishman during his first visit to Paris, to Rome, or to Vienna, can have failed to be struck with the expression of melancholy that pervades his countenance. It is this peculiarity which has led foreigners to assert that we take our pleasures sadly; but the fact is, that under these circumstances the Englishman is not taking his pleasure at all. He is performing what he believes to be a duty to his social position, and after the manner of his nation he is going through that duty steadily, conscientiously, and thoroughly. He has determined to see every picture, every statue, every work of art, every building, every manufacture which can be found in the city to which his hard fate has driven him, but all the time his thoughts are dwelling on the home comforts he has left behind him. And what wonder is it that in a land where the "tub" is unknown as an institution, where soap is a priceless luxury, and towels are smaller than pocket-handkerchiefs, he should be miserable, and filled with vain regrets for all the domestic delights he has so rashly surrendered.

WARWICK CASTLE.

Observe the same man at Rome and at Ramsgate, at Berlin and at Brighton, at Marseilles and at Margate, at Saratoga and at Scarborough, at Deauville and at Dover, and you will hardly recognise him. There he is *triste*, cold, and ceremonious, moving through crowds, but not of them. Here he enters thoroughly into the enjoyment of the place, and although he may growl at the extortion of landladies, and audibly wonder at the appetite of his lodging-house cat, he will appear as gay and as light-hearted as befits a man who has cast behind him all thoughts of business, or all cares of state.

This being the case, it may be asked why Englishmen are so fond of getting away to the continent at the first opportunity? How is it that the man who has never stood and wondered at the marvellous shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury, is all eagerness to look on the cathedral at Antwerp, which cannot compare with it for beauty? Why does he who has never seen Windermere wander so far to gaze on Como? Why are Snowdon and Ben Lomond neglected for the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn? What is there in Paris, save *petroleuses*, which London cannot offer in greater variety and in greater excellence? And how

many are there who rush frantically through the *bizarre* and ill-assorted galleries of the Louvre raving the while of their love for art, to whom the British Museum, the National Gallery, and South Kensington are sealed books? Is there not to all these questions one answer? Too much familiarity breeds contempt, and we love only that which is difficult of access. So be it, and while regretting that the localities of England and Ireland remain unexpiored, we trust that those of our readers who go farther to fare worse, will return with their brains benefited, and ready to prove—

"How much a fool that has been sent to Rome
Excels a fool that always stays at home."

THE AZTECS' CALENDAR STONE.

THE American Minister to Mexico has forwarded to Governor Baker, of Indiana, a valuable and curious contribution to the State Library, in the shape of a model of the calendar stone of the Aztecs, the discovery of which shows how accurate those ancient people of Mexico measured the lapse of time. Mr. Nelson accompanies the gift with an interesting letter which is published in the *Indianapolis Journal*. He says the calendar stone was discovered on the 17th December of the same year (1790), not far from the centre of the principal square, and directly in front of the entrance to the palace. It was lying flat, with its sculptured side downward, and the upper part only 18 inches from the level of the ground. By order of the Viceroy, and at the request of the authorities of the cathedral, it was delivered to them, on condition of being placed in some position easily and constantly accessible to the public. This was complied with as above mentioned, by its being built into a sort of buttress projecting from one of the angles of the cathedral. The interpretation of the hieroglyphics upon this stone, representing the Aztec division of time, is a work which has engaged the attention of several learned writers, both Mexicans and foreigners. Don Antonio Leon de Gama, soon after the discovery of the two stones above mentioned, published a volume upon the subject, which, though severely criticised by Father Alzarte, another well-known antiquary of that time, has been generally accepted as the best source of information. The eminent American ethnologist, Albert Gallatin, also gave a satisfactory description and interpretation, which is to be found in Volume I. of the "Transactions of the American Ethnological Society." The material of the calendar stone is an exceedingly hard stone of basalt, found only at a great distance from the city of Mexico. It is 11 feet and 8 inches in diameter, and about 2 feet 6 inches in thickness. The Aztec civil year consisted of 18 months of 25 days each, to which were added five complementary days that were not considered as belonging to any month, and were regarded as unlucky by the Aztecs. At the expiration of each cycle of 52 years, 12⅓ days were interpolated to compensate for the six hours annually lost. The conclusion of each cycle was a memorable event in Aztec annals. The perpetual fires in the temples and all the fires in the private dwellings were extinguished; they destroyed much property, and literally "clothed themselves in sackcloth and ashes." At midnight of the first day of the new cycle imposing religious ceremonies were celebrated by the people in mass, including the sacrifice of human victims, and the lighting of a new fire by friction from a wooden shield placed on the breast of a victim. This fire was then communicated to torches borne by thousands of runners, who conveyed it to the remotest settlements of the Aztec Empire. Mr. Beauty Mayer furnishes, in his work on Mexico, a description of the hieroglyphical figures engraved upon the "Calendar Stone." Mr. Gallatin draws from the detailed examination of all these hieroglyphics the following conclusion:—"We find, therefore, delineated on this stone all the dates of the principal positions of the sun, and it thus appears that the Aztecs had ascertained with considerable precision the respective days of the two passages of the sun by the zenith of Mexico, of the two equinoxes, and of the summer and winter solstices. They had, therefore, six different means of ascertaining and verifying the length of the solar year, by counting the number of days elapsed till the sun returned to each of these six points: the two solstices, the two equinoxes, and the two passages by the zenith."

CLEVER as some of our managers are, they are put to shame as regards variety of gifts by the kaleidoscopic impressari of America. Not even a Boucicault, with all his versatility, could surpass Manager Ford, whose avocations are thus described:—"John T. Ford will manage at the approaching season the new Baltimore Opera House, now being built by him; the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore; Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, O.; and at the same time direct the movements of several travelling companies, playing Miss Maggie Mitchell, Joseph Jefferson, J. W. Wallack, and Mr. C. B. Bishop. In addition to managing all these, he holds the following civil offices in Baltimore, which claim his attention:—He is the president of the second branch of the council, president of the Union Railroad, member of the board of directors of the Penitentiary, and a director of the Fountain Hotel Stock Company." "Playing Miss Maggie Mitchell" does not mean that Mr. Ford takes that character, but that he lets Miss Maggie Mitchell play. These little lingual discoveries are arrived at from time to time during the study of the new tongue they speak across the ocean.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MUSICIANS.—It is highly important to cultivate the ear at this season of the y-ear—ears of corn can be cultivated at very little expense. Never drum on the piano, as it is very offensive to the drum of the ear. Always be particular to show your fingering, especially if it is a brilliant one. Accompany vocalists often, providing they do not go on a long journey. Learn, if possible, to play on the organ, before doing which it will be necessary to become thorough in the art of punctuation, so that you will find no difficulty in learning the stops. When you begin to compose, you should be composed; and when you have completed a piece, try it on the piano; if it should prove to small, make a larger piece. If you find the piano is not your forte, try some other instrument—the jew's-harp or triangle, for instance. Avoid organ swells—they put on airs. Always stick to the right pitch. You cannot catch fish with a clari-net, nor get any marrow out of a trom-bone. The band the ladies like best is a hus-band, while a band that is always close hand is a wrist-band. The leader of an orchestra is generally a very fast man, for he beats time.

A CHANCE FOR CHARLES READE.

The *Isle of Man Times* publishes the following account of the alleged confinement in a Dumfriesshire asylum of a Manx gentleman. It can hardly be but that a different version of the story can be told. "A few weeks ago, Thomas Wilson, Esq., of Harold Tower, near Douglas, was visited by a person—from Belfast, we believe—who claimed to be a relation, and pretended to be a friend; and after regaling himself at Mr. Wilson's house for some time he went with Mr. Wilson by the Barrow steamer on their way to Furness Abbey, for the purpose (as Mr. Wilson understood, and was informed before starting) of spending a pleasant day, and with a view of returning the same evening.

"Mr. Wilson was in business in Douglas (with branch shops in Ramsay, Castletown, and Peel) for upwards of forty years, during the whole of which time he conducted one of the most extensive and prosperous drapery concerns ever established in the Isle of Man; and, having made a very large fortune by his careful attention to business, he retired about sixteen years ago, being determined that, after having undergone forty years or more of toil, care, and anxiety, he would spend the remainder of his days in quietness. He is now upwards of seventy years of age, and it is well known that he has been a kind husband and an indulgent father. We may, in fact, say that there is no gentleman belonging to the Isle of Man more respected than is Mr. Wilson. The two travellers duly arrived at Furness Abbey, and, after viewing the ruins, &c., which are a great attraction to this locality, and otherwise enjoying themselves for some little time, they resolved to leave that beautiful spot, Mr. Wilson fully intending to return home, but not so with his companion. He had other motives in view, and other ends to gain. The two travellers took their seats in a railway train then about to depart from the Furness railway station. After taavelling for some considerable time, and the train having stopped at one or two stations, Mr. Wilson remarked to a strange gentleman who occupied a seat in the same carriage that the train was a long time in reaching Piel-pier (whence the steamers start for Douglas, Mr. Wilson's home). 'Piel-pier!' remarked the gentleman thus addressed; 'we shall be in Dumfries before we get to Piel-pier.' 'What!' says Mr. Wilson, 'are we going to Dumfries? We must have got into a wrong train.' 'Yes,' rejoined his companion for the day, the gentleman who had brought him from the island; 'but never mind; we can spend the night at Dumfries, and return to-morrow.' Of course there was no alternative; and at last the train pulled up at the Dumfries railway station; whereupon Mr. Wilson and his companion drove to an hotel, which turned out to be the Queensberry Hotel, in English-street; and, after partaking of refreshments, the Belfast gentleman wished to retire to his room for the purpose of washing his hands, as he alleged, and he did so, stating that he would return in a few minutes, leaving Mr. Wilson in the smoke room of the hotel along with other gentlemen who were there. After waiting for a considerable time, and there being no signs of his companion putting in an appearance, Mr. Wilson left the house to take a ramble in the town, leaving word with the waiter that he would return in a few minutes. When he reached his hotel he observed a carriage (with a pair of good looking horses attached) standing at the door, and on entering the house he found his companion there, who introduced to Mr. Wilson a person who appeared to be a gentleman, stating that he was a friend whom he had met, and, as he had a pair of fine horses and a carriage at the hotel door, he suggested that Mr. Wilson should go and look at them. Mr. Wilson at once consented to do so; and out went the three gentlemen. Mr. Wilsen could not, of course, but remark how much he admired the horses, pointing out their good qualities, which were manifestly to be seen, even on such a casual observation. At last he was invited to get inside the carriage, for the purpose of having a drive as far as the Dumfries gentleman's house, the latter promising to drive him back to the hotel in order that Mr. Wilson might see how the horses went, Mr. Wilson being a gentleman very fond of horses, accepted the invitation, and jumped into the 'trap;' and a real 'trap' it turned out to be, for at eleven o'clock at night this moving trap was driven quickly away from the door of the Queensberry Hotel in Dumfries along the road, until it arrived at the entrance to a very large building, with extensive grounds attached; the gates were thrown open, and at last the party arrived at the residence of some 700 or 800 lunatics! Our readers will, of course, understand that, at this late hour of the night, it would be completely dark, and that a stranger, entering into what he considered the pleasure grounds surrounding a magnificent residence of a Scotch gentleman, could not perceive all the ins and outs connected with the locking and unlocking of the massive gates at the entrance, nor would his attention be drawn to the prison-like jingling of the massive keys. Consequently, he would not for a moment suspect his unsafe position. On Mr. Wilson's alighting from the carriage he was surrounded by several men, who made the unfortunate gentleman a prisoner. His feelings on discovering his situation may be better imagined than described. About three weeks afterwards some of his friends in the Isle of Man, wondering that he had not returned along with the person who went away with him, had inquiries made, the result of which was his discovery at the lunatic asylum known as 'The Crichton Royal Institute,' at Dumfries. Steps were at once instituted to effect his release. Messrs. Adams and Dickinson, of Douglas, and also a firm of eminent lawyers in Dumfries (Messrs. Craig and Geddes), being employed. The result of their efforts thus far will be seen by the following copy of a telegram received in Douglas on Thursday night last:—"Three doctors sign him sane. Will bring him home soon. He is very anxious to go home.'" The *Isle of Man Times* states that it will publish further particulars regarding the affair.

ALL FOR LOVE.

FEW of our theatre-going people but will remember the beautiful Amelia Garcia, who for three or four successive seasons won unbounded applause on the stage of our principal theatres. Young, lovely, and accomplished, the wonderful charm of her voice was augmented by great personal attractions. Gay, fascinating, and brilliant, she won admirers by the score, and at one time—in the height of her theatrical fame—was the most sought after and the acknowledged beauty of her profession. That such a woman should have suddenly died without her death being made known is surprising. Nor will the public surprise be lessened when the fact is made known that she died a suicide. Her death occurred about two weeks ago in Jackson-street, near the corner of Annunciation, where she had resided for over a year past. It will be remembered that about two years since she quitted the stage, and retired to private life. She had become passionately enamoured of a gentleman in this city, and for his sake abandoned whatever of fame and prospect of advancement she had in her profession. She occasionally appeared in the street, always radiant, always beautiful, and whenever she came into the theatres or public places of amusement she was the cynosure of all eyes. She enjoyed this public manifestation of admiration, and sustained it regally. Had she never been a famous singer Garcia would still have been admired for her splendid beauty. But it began to be whispered about that her life was not happy. Society had its observances that could not be neglected, and the poor singer, with all her beauty, could not retain an allegiance which society demanded to be broken. The conviction came upon her slowly, but it came at last. To one of her passionate nature there was nothing left for her but to die. It would be wrong, if it were possible, to lift the veil from those last hours of her life. Convinced that the happiness she had bartered so much to secure was slipping from her grasp, and the cheerless future spreading dark before her, she resorted to that Lethean cup, the poison of the suicide, in which to drown the sense of her misery, and the joyless life of a deserted and abandoned woman. It is said that the morning (some two weeks since) the final separation took place—when her friend said good-bye for the last time—Garcia ordered her servant to go to the drug store and fetch her some laudanum. The servant, suspecting her design, refused to go. The command repeated, still more imperatively, was disregarded, and the servant, with tears and entreaties, besought her to refrain from her wicked intentions. It had no effect, however, and she went herself for the poison; on what pretext she obtained it is not known—but she did get it, and having taken it, died. The residents in the neighbourhood say that about the time the poison must have commenced its fatal work she went and seated herself at the piano, and for more than an hour played and sang. Her rich, thrilling voice, rising to its full compass, revelled in the sweetest music they had ever heard. Strains of passionate sorrow, mingled with the sorrowful cadence of a funeral dirge, as the dying cancatrice sang her life away. Amelia Garcia was about 23 years of age, and a native of the West Indies. Her father was a Spanish creole, and her mother a Jewess, a native of Germany. Her parents came to New York when she was quite young, and she commenced her professional career in that city. She sang one season at the Academy of Music in this city, and one or two engagements at other theatres. She left the stage, however, in 1869, and has not since appeared professionally in public. Such, in brief, was the career of one of the sweetest singers and most beautiful women of the age. Whether her life was good or evil it behoves not now to say. If she was reckless, frivolous, and gay, she had at least a passionate and loving nature, and died a suicide.—*New Orleans Picayune*, August 15.

AT the Marlborough-street Police-court, one morning last week while the night-charges were being heard, a slightly-built, slim-waisted, but *very* full-chested young gentleman, in very dapper costume, was placed at the bar, and on being asked for "his" name, replied "Rose Brown." Alas! the young gentleman was a young lady, and Sergeant Watson, 4 C, deposed that about half-past eleven on the previous evening, the young woman, attired as she then was, went into the Argyle-rooms with two men. The check-taker, having sharp eyes for feminine beauty, saw what she was, and ejected her and her two companions. He (Sergeant Watson) then asked the prisoner why she was dressed up as she was, and she replied, "What's that to do with you? Mind your own business," and he then took her to the station. In reply to Mr. Alsop, the sergeant said the gentlemen with the prisoner gave the Charing-cross Hotel as their address, but he knew them to be with prostitutes every night. Mr. Alsop, in answer to Mr. Newton, said he could not alter the facts. Mr. Newton said that that being the case he should call on the prisoner to find two bails in £25 each to be of good behaviour for three months. The prepossessing appearance of the prisoner seemed to have the desired effect in procuring the requisite bail, and, after the necessary preliminaries had been gone through, the charming young masquerader, nothing abashed, left the court with her friends to attire herself in costume more in accordance with her sex.

A FEMALE SWINDLER.—A lady-like woman, giving the name of Elizabeth Vincent, but having other aliases, and describing herself as a nurse, was charged before Mr. Lushington, at Lambeth, with obtaining money and goods under false pretences. The facts in connection with the case are such as will, by publicity, it is believed, lead to the discovery of a very extensive system of fraud. The prisoner, whose appearance and address would disarm the suspicion of many, upon the 7th of August went to No. 4, Upper Marsh, Lambeth, where unfurnished apartments were to be let. Upon seeing the tenant of the house, a Mrs. White, she told her she had been a nurse under Miss Nightingale in the Crimea, and had just come up from Woking, and had been engaged as one of the sisters at the new St. Thomas's Hospital. She further added that when she arrived in London she had £1 5s., the major portion of which she had given away in charity, but that within a day or two she would be in receipt of £30 from the Post-office savings bank. She so worked upon the feelings of Mrs. White as to induce her to part with money and allow her to board and lodge in the place. The prisoner, no doubt to keep up her statement, ordered over £20 worth of new furniture from Messrs. Atkinson, Westminster-road, but before that arrived she had decamped. On the 11th August she visited a Mrs. Foley and took furnished apartments; she there stated that she had just left the service of Lord Justice Bovill, and on being asked what capacity she filled said that of "generally useful." Her luggage, she stated, would be sent on in a day or so. Her plausible manner won over Mrs. Foley to such an extent that she lodged and fed her for some ten days, parted with clothing in order to lend her money, the prisoner representing that she would shortly be in receipt of £70 from the Post-office savings' bank at Guildford. Mrs. Foley further stated that she saw prisoner address a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury and a post-card to the station master at Guildford. As in the former case, the prisoner suddenly disappeared after having swindled Mrs. Foley. Evidence was given, showing that prisoner had no account at the Post-office savings' bank beyond in one instance of a shilling. Detectives Phelan and Parker, of the L division, who had charge of the case, traced the prisoner to the Refuge at Parson's-green, Fulham, where she had established herself considerably in the good opinion of the authorities, having obtained admission there by a most ably-written letter, describing herself as the daughter of an admiral. The letter, signed with the name of Vincent, and no doubt the prisoner's production, gives a full confession of some part of her history, which at present it would be perhaps defeating the ends of justice to narrate. Detective Parker, in answer to the Magistrate, said upon taking prisoner into custody and telling her the charge, she said she was sorry for what had happened, but that after leaving Woking Gaol her brother, who held a high position in the Admiralty, would not help her, and she was forced to get her living the best way she could. The prisoner was a ticket-of-leave woman, having been sentenced to five years' penal servitude for forgery, and two years of her time was yet unexpired. There were several other cases in different parts of London to be brought against her. The Prisoner said she should reserve any defence she had to make until she had consulted a solicitor, and in order to learn more of her antecedents a remand was ordered.

"LOVE, HONOUR, AND OBEY."

A NOVEL OF SOCIETY.

(*Written expressly for the* LADY'S OWN PAPER.)

CHAPTER XXV.

IT was with a feeling akin to terror that Beatrice Upton saw the foxy-looking little solicitor rise to his feet to examine her, and Ernest Colebrooke bit his lips with vexation as he confessed to himself that he would ask questions which would be insulting in themselves, and difficult to answer, but yet to which he should be unable to object.

"Now, Miss Upton," said Rivetts, "I do not wish to ask you unpleasant questions, but at the same time, it is necessary for my client's safety that the whole truth should be known. You will remember therefore that the somewhat unpleasant questions I may have to ask you are dictated solely by a sense of duty to my client."

"I understand you, Sir," murmured Beatrice.

"Then I wish to ask you, had you ever seen the prisoner before the night of your disappearance."

"Yes, on one or two occasions."

"When?"

"Once at Mr. Colebrooke's wedding."

"Was he an invited guest on that occasion?"

"No, but he was present in the church with the crowd, and I saw him there."

"And you knew him as a friend of Lady Laura Emerson and Colonel Charteris?"

"Yes."

"And if you had found yourself in the park alone and without clothing, and altogether unaware by whom you were surrounded, you would have been likely to apply to him for protection?"

"Perhaps I might have done."

"Are you not sure that you would have done so?"

"No, I think I should have hesitated."

"I understand—you would have hesitated, because you knew that he was your declared lover. But will you swear that you did not appeal to him for assistance on the night in question?"

"I do not understand."

"You have told us that when you woke you were in the park with two men standing beside you. Will you swear the prisoner was one of those men?"

"No—I will not swear it."

"Will you swear that he was not passing at the time and you did not appeal to him to carry you to some place of shelter?"

"I have already said that I am not sure of anything that happened in the park."

"Will you swear that the prisoner entered your bedroom and aided in removing you?"

"No, I cannot swear that."

"Or that he did not enter it?"

"No."

"Will you swear that you did not go with him willingly without any force being applied?"

"I was removed in my sleep."

"And you believe that you usually sleep so soundly that you can be lifted from your bed and carried a considerable distance without knowing anything about it?"

"No, I do not usually sleep so, but on this particular night I did."

"Really, Miss Upton, you put a somewhat severe strain on our powers of credence. Is it not the case that the prisoner made a formal offer for your hand, that your mother and guardian refused him without consulting you, and that the next morning you were living under his protection at a secluded publichouse of bad character? I must trouble you for a distinct answer. Yes, or no?"

Beatrice looked round appealingly for aid, but Ernest Colebrooke was looking at Rivetts. She noted, however, that a slight smile was playing round his mouth, and from that she took courage.

"I cannot answer your question in one word," she said, at length.

"You cannot answer me," he went on. "Surely what I ask is plain enough, and admits of a direct answer."

"Reply to the question in your own way, Miss Upton," said the rector. "Do not agitate yourself, there is no occasion to hurry."

"Then it is, I believe, true that he presumed to make an offer for my hand, although I did not know it until afterwards; but it is not true that I was living in any way under his protection. Phœbe Cotland was my sole protectress after I reached her father's inn."

"And you did not leave your home willingly?"

"Certainly not."

"That you are prepared to swear solemnly?"

"Most solemnly."

"But you did remain at this beer-shop for three days without giving any alarm, or making any attempt to leave, until you were found by your friends?"

"I made no alarm because Phœbe promised to effect my escape at the earliest possible moment."

"And you wish us to believe that the man who had risked so much to abduct you, held you in his power for three days without making any effort to see you?"

"It is the truth."

"You will hardly gain many believers to such a statement, I am afraid. Pray what did the prisoner mean by asserting that the hours he had been passing with you had been the happiest in his life?"

"I do not know."

"Did he not assert that you had been living with him as his wife?"

"But it was grossly and cruelly untrue!"

"He did assert it, however?"

"Yes."

"Ah, well! It is natural that you should contradict the assertion. Did you pass any of the time alone at the 'Cyder Cask?'"

"Very much of it."

"This girl, Phœbe, was not always with you?

"No."

"And during her absence only yourself and the prisoner can possibly tell whether he visited you?"

"He never did."

"I am satisfied," said Mr. Rivetts; "I have no more to ask you. I think," he went on, addressing the bench, "this lady's evidence is sufficient to exonerate my client from any charge of abduction."

"I have more evidence to produce yet, Mr. Rivetts, said Colebrooke, "so you had better be patient until my case is finished."

"Have you many more witnesses to examine?" asked the rector.

"Several; and some of their examinations will be rather tedious," was the reply. "But I think we shall be able to get through them all in good time. Miss Upton, you may retire, I have no wish to re-examine you."

Poor Beatrice, who had screwed her courage to the sticking place during her examination, was only too glad to be relieved from her painful position, and lost no time in quitting the room with her mother.

"Call Thomas Cotland," said Ernest quietly, but keeping his eyes the while on the prisoner.

As the burly form of the innkeeper was seen pressing his way to the witness-box, and looking steadily away from the prisoner, it might have been noticed that Percy Harris first looked anxiously at him, as though waiting some signal of intelligence, and then, failing to receive it, turned slightly pale.

Cotland having been sworn, and answered the formal questions as to his identity, Colebrooke went on:—

"You know the prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes."

"Have you known him long?"

"All his life."

"Do you remember last Monday?"

"Yes."

"Tell the court anything that happened in connection with this case?"

"The prisoner and another man came to my house and after we had talked over all times, he asked me if I could let him a couple of rooms for a few days, and then wanted to borrow my horse and trap. I told him he could have them if I went with him to drive, and he then said that a young lady in the neighbourhood was engaged to be married to him, but that her friends objected to the match, at which I did not wonder, and he was going to run away with her that night."

"And you promised to assist him?"

"Yes, he said he could pay me well and I was willing enough to earn a honest penny and to help the young people at the same time. So at twelve o'clock at night we started on our journey, and according to my instructions I drove over to the walls of Deepdell Park where they left me with orders to wait for their return."

"Pray who were they?"

"The prisoner and the other man Marks."

"Yes; go on."

"In about an hour they returned carrying a female, and the prisoner told me they had nearly been disturbed, and the young woman had been so frightened that she had fainted. I drove home as quickly as I could, and it was only just as we got to the house that she recovered.'

"And did you know who it was you were carrying off?"

"I did not know for certain until I got home, although I suspected."

"But you believed she was a willing fugitive?"

"I did until I found where we had gone to, and then I thought there was something wrong about it."

"And when you found there was really something wrong, why did you not give information in the proper quarters?"

"Well, sir, you see the fact is that my character is none of the best, and I was more afraid of getting into trouble if I made a clean breast of it than if I held my tongue until the whole thing had blown over. But the young lady will bear me witness that as soon as I found out she had been dragged away I did not allow her to be interfered with by anybody, although I was afraid to let her go altogether."

"And you are prepared to swear that, according to the best of your belief, Miss Upton was an unwilling prisoner?"

"Nobody who saw her when she recovered her senses could doubt that for a moment."

"That will do," said Colebrooke.

Cotland was hurrying from the box, when Rivetts interrupted him.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Cotland, I have not done with you yet."

"You say your character is not a very good one. Now is it not the fact that you have been several times convicted for poaching."

"Well, you see, I am not friendly with the police, and I have had charges brought against me."

"And have been convicted?"

"Yes."

"How often?" No answer.

"Once certainly?"

"Yes."

"Twice?"

"Yes."

"Six times?"

"No, only five times altogether."

"Only five times for poaching. But have you not been charged with robbing a traveller who was lodging at your house?"

"Yes, but I was acquitted."

"You were acquitted, were you?"

"Well, you ought to know, for you defended me."

"I defended you? Ah, that accounts probably for your being acquitted, and the chairman of the quarter sessions told you you had had a lucky escape, and warned you to be more careful for the future."

"Yes, I believe he did say something of the sort."

"So that you hardly come into a court like this with the best of characters to give evidence against another? Now tell me, did you know from the beginning who it was that the prisoner was going to bring to your house?"

"I only suspected."

"You only suspected! And pray what made you suspect?"

"Well, of course I knew the prisoner claimed to be Sir Percy Upton, and he said the result of the night's work would put down all opposition against him, so I naturally thought who it must be."

"Yet, knowing all this, you did not attempt in any way to prevent the flight?"

"No, because I thought the young lady was willing; so of course I did not think it was any business of mine."

"And besides, the prisoner paid pretty handsomely for your assistance?"

"He only gave me a ten-pound note."

"But he promised you more?"

"Yes, he promised that as soon as the marriage was over he would give me another hundred."

"That will do, Mr. Cotland. You can go. Your evidence is particularly valuable.

"Call Blanche Desborough."

"One moment, Mr. Colebrooke. I think before you call any more witnesses we had better adjourn for a short time."

The rector's suggestion was adopted, and the court adjourned for luncheon.

During the interval the voices of the persons who had been in the court were heard all talking at once, and it was evident that with a good many of the rough persons present there was still a strong belief that Beatrice had run away willingly, and that Percy Harris was now to be made the victim to clear her reputation.

These same people all upheld the claims of Percy to the title and estates of Deepdell. But it was by no means difficult to perceive that his partisans were the refuse of the tenantry. Small farmers, who were behindhand with their rents, working-men who preferred the alehouse to the bench, and labourers who were more than half poachers.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LET us take advantage of the rising of the court to change the scene for a time, and to introduce to the reader some fresh characters, whose existence will have much influence on the future destiny of many of the persons who have hitherto figured in our pages.

The time is the afternoon of a cloudless autumn day, and the scene is a lawn extending from the window of an Italian villa to the shores of one of the loveliest lakes in that lovely land of art and romance. Something in the appearance of the well-kept lawn, and an indescribable air of comfort about the house, would serve to suggest to the travelled observer the presence of English occupants. Nor would this thought be lessened by the appearance of the matronly lady who is sitting sorrowfully gazing into the placid depths of the blue waters of the lake.

Thoughts of home and of years long passed away are passing through her brain, and by the varying expression of her face, it is easy to see they are not all sorrowful, for if now a tear starts unbidden to her eye, it is soon chased away by a smile of affection, as some more pleasing memory succeeds the gloomy thought.

Presently she is joined by an elderly woman, having the appearance of a superior servant, who hastens to her, carrying in her hand a letter.

"The post has just come in," she explains, "and knowing your anxiety for news from England, I hurried to bring it to you the moment I saw the postmark."

With trembling eagerness she examines the handwriting—and, as though satisfied with her inspection, breaks it open, as she exclaims—

"It is from him, Mary. Shall we have good news from England at last?"

She reads the letter twice through, and then turning to her attendant—

"Listen to what he says," she cries; 'your trials are nearly over. The moment you receive this, return to London, and come straight to me. Happy days are yet in store for you.' Quick, Mary, get our things packed up. We start to-morrow morning.

"To-morrow morning," echoed the other, aghast. "How can we get ready by the time?"

"I care not how, so that we do it. Thank you I would delay a moment when I have an opportunity of embracing my children!"

(*To be continued—commenced in No.* 236.)

When Jonah's fellow-passengers tossed him overboard, they evidently regarded him as neither *prophet nor loss*.

"Now, my boy," said the schoolmaster, "if I had a mince-pie, and should give two-twelfths of it to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and should take half the pie myself, what would there be left? Speak up loud, so that all can hear." "The plate!" shouted the boy.

WHAT IS CHALK?—It was, though one of the most familiar, one of the most inscrutable of rocks, until the microscope revealed its structure. The softer varieties, gently grated or kneaded down in water, or the harder varieties cut in thin slices, show a congeries of microscopic chambered shells belonging to the humble and simple group of protozoa. These shells and their fragments constitute the material of the ordinary chalk. With these are numerous spicules of sponges and silicious cell-walls of the minute one-celled plants called diatoms. Further, the flinty matter of these minute organisms has, by the law of molecular attraction, been collected into concretion, which are the flints of the chalk. Such a rock is necessarily oceanic; but more than this, it is abyssal. Laborious dredging has shown that such a rock is now being formed only in the deep bed of the ocean, whither no sand or mud is drifted from the land, and where the countless hosts of microscopic shell-bearing protozoa continually drop their little skeletons on the bottom, slowly accumulating a chalky mud or slime.

THE HALF-BROTHERS.

By the Authors of the O'Hara Tales.

LUCY HAWKINS, at sixteen, was the belle, if not the beauty, of her little sea-washed village on the coast of Kent. Other girls might boast a more perfect shape and handsomer features; but her effect, her expression, or—if a fashionable French word may, with allowances, be applied to a lowly maiden—her *tournure* eclipsed them all. She was also celebrated for a vivacity of manner and conversation unusual amongst young females of her class; nay, in the opinions of a numerous circle of good judges, who constantly enjoyed her company and discourse, Lucy Hawkins deserved to be termed witty.

Her mother kept the post-office of the village, together with a general huckster's shop, and a hotel in one of her out-houses for very humble wanderers or sojourners—beds threepence per night. Upon a large deal chest, the good dame's flour-store, which stood under her shop window, opposite to her counter, hard-worked labourers, employed in the neighbourhood, would sit and eat their four penny-worth of bread and cheese, and drink their half pint of small-beer, by way of the morning's or afternoon's meal; and Lucy generally served them, or else stood by while they were served, and, at the same time, her good humour materially helped to give zest to their meagre breakfast or dinner. At the upper end of the counter was a rush-bottomed, curiously-legged, old oak chair, a fixture, put forward for any chatty neighbour or visitor who might like an hour's gossiping; and since its establishment it had, indeed, seldom been left empty, as was indicated, even during its leisure moments, by a little round cavity worn in the tiled floor, just at the spot where its successive occupants necessarily rested their heels. And with the revellers on the chest, and the numerous patrons of this oak chair, to say nothing of ordinary customers and her own particular friends, Lucy became quite a public character, and, as has been hinted, quite a favourite. The poor people, who, towards night, crept through the shop to their straw beds over the hen-house in the yard, also shared her sparkling conversation, and acknowledged its cheery influence.

And there were other visitors who also admitted her attractions, though it would have been better for Lucy if we could limit her encomiastic friends to those already mentioned. Over one department of the manifold concern she had absolute sway; her mother did not know how to read hand-writing, and, considering the frequency of almost illegible superscriptions on the backs of letters, the deputation of authority alluded to became a matter of prudence, if not of necessity. At the inquiry of every claimant for letters "to be left till called for," it was Lucy, therefore, who always unlocked the little rude deal box—about the size and much in the shape of a salt-box—which, clumsily nailed against the wooden pane with the slit in the shop window, formed the whole material of the post-office branch of the establishment.

Many officers of the preventive-service, although they had abundance of unemployed men to go to Mrs. Hawkins's shop in their stead, would call in every morning to ask for their letters; and at different hours of their idle day return to purchase a quarter of an ounce of Scotch snuff, or something else of which they could have less use, such as a row of pins, a yard of tape, or a reel of thread. In fact, it became evident that three of them were rivals for the smiles of Lucy Hawkins.

Two of the three soon ensured to themselves, however, anything but her smiles. For offences separately received at their hands, she invariably left the shop whenever they entered it; and as Lucy's conduct was not a mere show of female anger, they absented themselves, and gave up their unmanly pursuit. The third, whose visits were still received, was more seriously in love with Lucy than either of his friends; but, whether from a nicer sense of honour, or that the fate of the others had taught him a lesson, Lieut. Stone did not lightly or hastily tell her so. Much younger than his rivals, perhaps he was more romantic, and, particularly since Lucy's late specimen of self-assertion, would not indulge his admiration with a view to any mean indulgence of it. And, in fact, when, after sitting in the shop, upon the flour-chest, or in the old chair, day after day for more than six months, he at last whispered his sentiments to Lucy, the declaration sounded seriously and respectfully to her ear, and, she concluded, could be made only in one hope—that of obtaining her hand, with the due consent of father and mother.

The scene must now be very abruptly changed to the reader, with a breach of the three unities of time, place, and action.

Twelve years after Lucy Hawkins accepted the suit of her chosen lover, we enter a small wooden house, indeed a very poor shed, in another little sea-coast hamlet, many miles distant from her native one. The walls of its only sitting-room, a kitchen, are bare; the floor is tiled; and the few articles of indispensable furniture are old, common, and crazy: and yet the poor apartment looks clean, or, to use an humble but expressive and very English word, tidy. A woman, as ill-clad as her house is ill-appointed, but, like it, tidy too, sits on a stool teaching a sturdy, sun-burnt boy of seven years to read out of a Reading Made Easy. She seems about forty, but may be much younger than she looks, for her composed features would suggest long acquaintance with misfortune—the often successful anticipator of time's utmost efforts to destroy. A half-finished female dress, of materials too costly, and of shape too fashionable to be destined to the use of the lowly occupant of the lowly abode, lies, together with the implements of woman's industry, upon a table at her side, hinting the mode of pursuit by which she earns scanty bread for her young pupil and herself.

The task is over, and Billy is kissed and called a good boy: and while his mother combs his yellow hair in smooth and equal portions towards either temple—"There, my king," she says; "and now, where is brother to take you out to play?"

"The naughty great boys were *quarrelling* Charley on the beach, mother, when he sent Billy home to his task to be rid of them."

"And what game did they quarrel over, Billy?"

"No ga-om, mother; but Dick Saunders called Charley a bad name."

"Tell mother the bad name, my man."

"Billy caunt—he doesn't know it now, mother."

Their conversation was interrupted by the quick entrance of Charley himself. The moment his mother saw him, she uttered an alarmed cry. His clenched hands were thrust into his trowers' pockets; he frowned, for the first time in his life his mother had seen him do so; his lips quivered; tears glazed his eyes; his face, nay, his forehead and ears flamed scarlet, and blood trickled down his cheeks. Obviously, he had been fighting a hard battle, but, as obviously, was the victor. The boy was about twelve.

"Let Billy go play at the door, and I'll tell you, mother," he said, after she had addressed many anxious inquiries to him.

She led the little fellow out, and shut the door upon herself and Charley. He dropt in a chair, flung his arms over the table, laid his face upon them, and burst into a furious fit of tears.

"Naughty Dick Saunders has hurt you, Charley, mother's darling!" she cried, approaching him.

"No—not as well as I have hurt *him*—the storyteller! the puppy!" sobbed Charles. "Mother, Dick Saunders spoke ill of me, and of you."

"What did he say, Charley?"

"I can't repeat it after him—I won't. But, mother, I be old enough to ask you what I'm going to ask—Was Master Turner, who died last year, Billy's father?"

"To be sure he was, Charley." She grew uneasy.

"And your husband?"

"Yes."

"And *my* father too?"

She changed colour, and dropt her eyes beneath the deep glance of her child.

"Now, Charley, I know what they said of you and me; and the time is indeed come for me to speak to you of what nearly concerns you."

"Did Dick Saunders tell no story, mother?" interrupted Charley, sitting upright, and again unconsciously scrutinizing her face. She raised her eyes, met his for an instant, and then sank back in her chair, covering her features with her hands, and weeping dolefully.

"I ask pardon, mother," taid the generous and hitherto gentle boy, as he gained her side, and put his arms round her neck; "you always loved me, and I shall always love you, let them say what they will of us. Kiss Charley, mother, won't you?"

Fondly, almost wildly she embraced him, and resumed. "No, Charley—Master Turner, my husband, was *not* your father; stop a moment." She stept into her litttle bedroom; returned with a small, oval, red-leather case; placed it in his hand; sat down; averted her head; began to move the work on the table, and would vainly hide her continued tears, as she added, "Open that, and you will know more of your father."

While he obeyed her commands, Charley recollected that he had more than once detected his mother weeping over the little red-leather case. When the miniature met his eye, the boy started.

"My father was a ship's captain!" he cried.

"He was an officer in the king's navy," she answered.

"And a gentleman, mother?"

"His commission made him one, Charley; but he would have been a true gentleman without it."

"And he married you before Master Turner married you, mother?"

"Charley, your father and I never were married."

A pause ensued. Charley's features betrayed a bitter and a fierce inward combat, as his glance still fixed on the miniature.

"Is he dead?"

"I hope not, but I am not sure. Sometimes I think one thing, sometimes another. Listen, my king. I was very young when I met your father; and I wondered, and many others wondered, what he could see in me to love. I was his inferior in every way. To be sure, my poor mother had managed to keep me at schools till I was a great girl, and perhaps this made something in his eyes. Then, when we began to keep company, with father's and mother's consent, he taught me, like a master, himself a great many things that improved my mind and my manners, ay, and my heart too; but I am not going on with my story. We were to be married at the end of two years. Before the first year came round he was ordered from the blockade-service to a ship, at only a few hours' notice. He ran down to our shop, and showing the letter, prayed mother to let us be made man and wife that very evening. She would not hear of it, saying I was too young, and did not know my own mind, and would not know how to behave as his wife. He begged and prayed once again, and cried tears, and went on his knees; she held firm to her word. But, alas! Charley, it had been doing better if she had not held so firm to it, or else not have left us alone to take leave of each other that evening. Crying and sobbing, in sorrow and in love, we forgot ourselves, Charley; and next day, ay, before it was day, your father left our village, and I have never seen him since."

"But he has sent letters to you, mother?"

"I got none, if he did: though I believe he did, and that an enemy kept them from my hands. A very short time after he left us, my father died, my mother grew poor, and we were turned out of our comfortable little house, not being able to pay our rent. The shop was reopened by a woman and her daughter who bore me no good will, and on your father's account too. He had paid some compliments to the daughter before he met me, and they blamed me for taking him from them. And—God forgive me if I wrong either mother or daughter—but I do fear that letters from your father to me, and from me to him, were stopt by the new keepers of our post-office. Well, Charley, you were born while my mother and I lived in a very poor way, trying to support ourselves with our needles, and keep out of the work-house. Your father's silence almost broke my heart. I did not suspect foul play about the letters then; 'tis only lately people gave me some hints, and all I could think was that he had forsaken us both, my king. Mother died too, and you and I were left quite alone, Charley. Years after, when, try as I would or could, we were getting worse and worse off, Master Turner came from his village to ours, on business, and knowing my whole story, asked me to marry him. He was a man well to do in the world at that time, and a kind man too; and so, after giving up all other hopes, I thought, Charley, that, even for your sake, I ought not to refuse a comfortable home and comfortable living. But it seemed as if every one was to have ill-luck with me. Good Master Turner began to grow poor from that very day, till last year, when he died, leaving us as badly off as he found us; and that's the whole story, Charley; only, here are you and I living alone again, with your little half-brother, Billy, to keep us company."

"Well; and I be glad of his company, mother," said Charley; "I always loved little Billy for his own sake, and because he loved me"—(the mutual affection of the boys was indeed very remarkable) "and now, though, as you say, he turns out to be only my half-brother, I'll love him better for his father's sake, who was a friend to you when you wanted a friend. But we must open the door and let him in."

Billy's voice had been heard calling on Charles to run down with him to the beach, and see the grand three-masted ship that was passing but a little way out, and, people said, seemed about to send a boat ashore. Ere Charles went to the door, he held out the miniature, and asked, "May I see it often again, mother?"

"Keep it,—'tis your own, Charley—here"—passing a riband through the loop at its top, "hang it round your neck."

As his mother secured it, he once more felt her tears dropping fast on his head, and looking up into her face, he stole his arms around her.

"Go, now, mother's darlings," as hand in hand they left her humble threshold; "but, Charley, do not stray out far on the sands: it will be a spring-tide, I fear, and the breeze comes fresh from the sea."

Still hand in hand they proceeded on their walk, Billy unusually communicative, and Charles unusually silent. Indeed the younger boy remarked his brother's taciturnity, and taxed him with it. They met groups of their former playmates in the village-street, whom the child wished to join; but Charles, chucking him closer to his side, passed them by, knitting his brow and holding up his head. On the shingles appeared other groups, and the young misanthrope would not descend to the water's edge until he had proceeded several hundred yards above their position.

It was a beautiful spring day. The breeze lashed the waves into a sportive fury. Sun and cloud, light and shade, alternated their effects over the wide bosom of the sea, streaking it with gold and pea-green, with dark purple or deep blue. Now a distant sail was a white speck on the horizon, now a spot of dark, dotting a clear sky. The three-master, of which little Billy had spoken, lay to, about a mile from shore. Charles knew her to be an East-Indiaman. His brother urged him to approach her as closely as the sands permitted. Still wrapt up in his own thoughts and feelings, Charles silently stepped down the shingles, looking jealously around to note if they were alone.

Behind him, as he began to move towards the waves, was a low line of cliff, forming, at a particular point, a jutting platform, from the outward edge of which the continuation of the cliff swept, like a buttress, to the shingles. Before him stretched the strand, to nearly the distance of half a mile, where it was met by an irregular circle of black rocks, closely wedged together, and enclosing the last patch of sand visible even at low tide. Charles had not intended to approach this spot; but as he walked in an oblique direction from it, some straggling boys appeared coming against him, and he hastily led his little charge to the convenient screen of the tall rocks.

The tide had for some time been coming in. Often before, however, Charles had ventured farther out, when it was more advanced, and returned to shore with only wet feet and a splashing. The rocks could not at any point be easily scaled, so high and broad was their barrier; nor did they admit of egress into the sandy area they girded, save at a particular spot, sea-ward, where, some feet from the base, appeared a narrow fissure, still difficult of access. Charles therefore walked round them until he gained this opening; then, assisting his little brother to climb up to it, the two boys soon stood upon a projection inside the rocky belt, and turned their faces towards the sea.

They could perceive, by a bustle on the deck of the Indiaman, now so near to them, that a boat would soon be lowered from her side. They looked out, much interested, until the boat lightly touched the tossing waves near the vessel's prow, and became strongly manned, as if to put off for shore. Still, however, the men rested on their oars, and seemed waiting for some other person to descend. And, in a mood that sympathised with the scene, Charles continued to watch the boat, dancing to and fro, and sometimes almost jumping out of the water; for the breeze grew stiffer, and the waves rougher. Half an hour he stood motionless, disregarding, for the first time in his life, the prattle of the little boy at his side. At last the individual for whom the boat waited, clad in blue and white and gold lace, to Billy's great delight, jumped in amongst his men, stood up at their head, pointed to shore, and was rapidly rowed towards it.

For some time past the near roar of waters had been ringing in Charles's ear, but he made light of the warning, for he confidently argued from experience, whenever his thoughts reverted to the matter, that there was still sufficient time to return to the shingles with scarce a wet shoe. But he did not reckon that the spot of sand, along with which he now stood enclosed, was much higher than the outer sands which stretched to the bases of the rocks. He did not reckon that the tide, at a certain period of its flow, after turning a near point of the land, usually ran

with almost the rapidity of a mill-stream, against the right-hand segment of the barrier, directed by its curve, inundated in a trice the previously open space between it and the shingles. Above all, he did not remember what his mother had hinted at parting; for, indeed, her omen proved true; it was a spring-tide.

The ship's boat, still seen at a distance, glanced athwart the patch of sea revealed through the fissure at which the boys looked out. More alive, after its disappearance, to the unusual noise of the waters, Charley took his brother's hand to lead him home by the way they had come. To his consternation, a fiercely-crested wave leaped into their faces through the narrow opening, drenching both to the skin. He let go Billy's hand, and sprang up to the top of the circular wall of rocks. A foamy sea tossed all around him. His eye caught the gallant boat, about a quarter of a mile distant. He screamed to it; jumped down to his little brother; dragged him up to the spot he had just quitted, and screamed again. There was a little cavity, formed by the irregular junction, at their sharp extremities, of the rocks, and in this he placed the now bewildered and weeping child, to preserve him from being dashed inward by the quickly increasing sea; and clinging himself to the highest pinnacle he could grasp, once more he wildly hailed the boat.

Most probably he had now caught its notice. It put round and pulled towards him; but soon seemed deterred from venturing too near the dangerous rocks.

"Oh God!—oh, mother, mother! your Billy! Mother's darling! *he* at least will be drowned, though I may swim till they pick me up—and all *my* fault!—but no, no!" He pulled off his jacket and vest, and tore his shirt into long strips. "No, he shall not!—Come, Billy! I will tie you to my back; never fear, my king—and see if I don't swim like a fish for you!"

The child, having heard and noted all his words and actions, had stopped crying, and, as if struck with Charles's noble conduct and sentiments, and unconsciously sympathising with them, answered: "I won't, Charley, I won't; —I should sink you, and we should only be drowned together, then, and no one left with mother."

All this while breakers had been dashing from without nearly up to the summits of the rocks at the opposite sweep of the circle, and as Charles eagerly, indeed violently renewed his entreaties, they at last came leaping and plunging up to its very edge, like dark, white-maned war-horses, trying to rear and paw over some high and well-guarded embankment. Once again he hoarsely cried out to the boat. It was nearer to him, but still seemed cautious of actual approach. He turned for the last time to Billy, and seized him in his arms to compel him to do his bidding. The riband which held his father's miniature round his neck snapped in the exertion; the miniature itself was rolling outwardly into the surf; he snatched at it, and secured it, but lost his balance, and the next instant was kicking among the breakers.

The captain of the East Indiaman witnessed the greater part of the scene between the young brothers, and, as he saw Charles tumble from the rocks, gallantly ordered his men to dare a good deal, and pull towards the spot where the boy had sunk. Presently Charles reappeared, swimming stoutly; not for the boat, however, but back again to the now almost invisible rocks. The captain and his men called to him, but he did not heed them. It has been mentioned that when the boys walked out to the sands, they directly turned their backs upon a platform formed in a low line of cliff. At that moment, not only the platform and its rugged buttress-base, but the shingles beneath were perfectly dry. Now the raging surf of a spring-tide, excited by a stiff breeze, foamed up to the level of the former: and almost simultaneously with Charley's reappearance, a woman, screaming loudly, descended the difficult passage from the brow of the cliff, and gained the slippery shelf. Many people followed her to the top line of the precipice, but no one ventured to her side. Her cries reached the young swimmer, through all the roar of the sea, and he redoubled his vain efforts to reach his little brother. But very soon exertion became useless. At one enraged and reinforced charge of the breakers, the area enclosed by the rocky circle, hitherto little intruded on, was inundated, and no part of the black barrier-line remained visible, except that formed by the pinnacles amid which the child stood wedged: a curling chain of foam supplied its place. And now, his mother from the shore, his brother from the sea, and the captain and his men from their boat, witnessed the conduct of the little sufferer. He had been sitting; he stood up: a breaker struck him; he staggered: another came—he fell, disappeared; was still seen, however, upon a point of rock, raising his hands, and clapping them over his head, until at the third blow the little fellow became ingulfed in the whirling waters.

The boat was now very near to Charles; and, at last, seemingly attentive to the remonstrance of its crew, he turned, and languidly swam towards its side.

"What the deuce has the young grampus fished up between his teeth?" said the captain, as he assisted in reaching out an oar; "a boiled crab, I reckon; though, where they got a fire to boil it, at the bottom of this surf, is more than I can imagine."

Charles was dragged into the boat, and without a word or a cry fell stupefied upon its bottom. The miniature dropped from his unclenched teeth; the captain took it up, opened it, and startled his men by uttering a loud exclamation. Then he stooped to Charley's face, and peered into it; then glanced to the cliff; and, finally, ordering every one to pull for the shingles, he knelt on one knee, raised Charley's head to the other; and his crew were still more surprised to see their bluff captain embrace the almost senseless lad, kiss his cheeks and forehead, and weep over him profusely, though in silence.

The boat had not shot far, when little Billy floated ahead. The captain gently, though hastily, put Charles down, and with much energy assisted in picking up the child, who soon lay stretched beside his half-brother, rescued indeed from the sea, but, it seemed evident, quite dead. Still the captain cried, "Pull, men, pull!"

Vigorously and skilfully obeying his orders, they ran the lively boat upon the shingles, a good distance below the point at which the low cliff gradually dipped to their surface. The mother flew down to meet her children and their unknown friends. The anxious crowd followed her. She received Charley from the captain's arms; a sailor followed, holding Billy, wrapped in the captain's jacket, to his bosom. At her first word the elder boy opened his eyes; after straining him to her heart she flew to his brother. No word had effect upon him. The captain called out for a surgeon: the village practitioner and the blockade surgeon were both at hand. They caused the child to be conveyed into a neighbouring cottage, and there, in the presence of the mother and the captain, promptly engaged in all the usual measures for restoring animation, but all failed. They repeated their exertions, still without effect; and at length, pronouncing Billy to be a corse, left the cottage.

Charles had been stretched across the foot of the bed upon which, wrapped in blankets, lay his little half-brother. At first he did not comprehend his situation, or notice the occurrences around him. Now, however, he seemed to hear the departing words of the surgeons, for raising himself upon his elbow, he gazed first into his mother's face, as she sat in silent anguish by the bedside, and then he tried to move upward towards Billy. While making this effort, the captain, gently laying his hand on the mother's shoulder, asked to speak aside with her. She arose, in the languid indifference of grief, and followed him into a corner of the room, out of view of the boat. "Lucy!" was the captain's only word, soothingly whispered at her ear. She drew back, looked up into his face, and was caught in his arms. A brief explanation proved that her suspicions of her revengeful rival at the village post-office were well-founded. While, from the suppression of the captain's letters to her, Lucy had believed him cruel and faithless, the holding back, also, of her letters to him had caused her sincere lover to conclude that she was no better than a village coquette, who, the moment he left her presence, forgot him, and insulted his memory and his devotion in the smiles of a new admirer; perhaps in the smiles of more than one. Hence, after her seeming silence of many years, he had proudly struggled to give up Lucy Hawkins for ever; and though, since their parting, he could often have returned to her village, he would not so far humiliate himself. Some inquiries, however, he condescended to make by a confidential person sent for the purpose, merely with the view of ascertaining if Lucy was alive or dead,—for death alone, he argued, could explain her supposed conduct. About the very time his emissary arrived in the village, she had become the envied wife of the rich Master Turner; and this intelligence necessarily confirmed his former angry resolutions.

The captain and Lucy yet spoke, when Charles's voice sounded shrill and joyfully from the bed; "Yes, Billy, yes!—'tis Charley! Billy!—mother's darling!" They stepped round to the bedside. He had crept under the blankets, and clasped the child close to his bosom; and now, indeed, the efforts of the surgeons, although despaired of by themselves, began to yield a good result.

"He would not die, to let you say I killed him, mother," said Charles, laughing through his tears.

"The child lives, by Heavens!" cried the captain.

That day Captain Stone was married to the woman of his early choice; and having despatched before evening the trifling business which first called him to shore, he conveyed his wife to his ship, together with her two sons, and pursued his voyage.

THE END.

A SERENADE.

HARK, the nightingale is singing,
Warbling, trilling, through the grove;
While the air with music's ringing,
'Tis the hour for us to rove.

Fond hearts love the mystic moonlight
Better than the glare of day;
Those who court the bolder sunlight
Are not skilled in Cupid's play.

Come then forth to me, my dearest,
Let us wander through the grove;
While the nightingale thou hearest,
I will whisper words of love.

THE practice that has been recently spreading so extensively among tourists in the midland counties of making Birmingham a sort of head-quarters during an entire holiday, has contributed to the busy metropolis of iron a distinct class of amusement-seeking visitors during the present autumn. The new custom is certainly a wise one, for from Birmingham short excursions occupying one or two days can be made to every point of interest in that quarter of England, while the certainty of being able to find superior hotel accommodation adds much to the enjoyment of a holiday, and in this respect Birmingham is unrivalled. To take only one striking example, the Great Western Hotel is among the most commodious, the most comfortable, and the best managed establishments in the kingdom. Even Imperial guests, fresh from Claridge's, are surprised into expressions of admiration at its resources, so that simple tourists may well be anxious to shelter beneath its roof.

THE OLDEST MAN IN EUROPE.—The commune of Plainpalais, in the canton of Geneva, has the honour (says the *Swiss Times*) of counting amongst its inhabitants one of the oldest men living, not only in Switzerland, but very probably in any other country of Europe. His name is Jean Louis Chevallier; he was born in the island of St. Domingo on the 11th of May, 1765; he is consequently in his 107th year. He lived in St. Domingo till he was 11 years of age, when he was sent to Bordeaux to be educated, where he remained until he had attained his 18th year. He then came to Geneva, and was apprenticed to M. Desir, watchmaker. At the time of the annexation of Genova to France, in 1788, he was appointed secretary of the prefecture, which post he retained till the fall of the First Empire. From Geneva he was called to Bourg to perform the same duties, until in 1835 he was superannuated at the age of 70 years with a modest pension, which has never ceased to be regularly paid to him by the French Government. M. Chevallier is still in possession of all his faculties, except his sight, but his body is reduced almost to a skeleton. Various foreigners who have lately visited him have been much struck by the remarkable clearness of his mind and the retentiveness of his memory.

My Garden.

BY THE COCKNEY OUT OF TOWN.

No. II.—HOW I LAID OUT MY GARDEN.

IMAGINE me after all the bustle of moving is over, and I have time to think of my garden, the possessor of three-quarters of an acre of grounds bounded on one side by a straight wall, which shuts me out from a couple of small cottages, of which I am also the proud possessor—at the foot of the garden a large piece of water, and beyond that the high road. On the farthest side from the cottages an orchard, and stable yard, the former hedge bounded, the latter enclosed in walls. The sitting-room windows face the garden, there is the rough outline of a lawn and flower beds abruptly terminating in a very unmistakable bed of cabbages. It is evident the former owner of the soil was more enamoured of the useful than the ornamental; walls stare at me in all the crudeness of red bricks; the road commands a full view of nearly all my ground; a horse chesnut, an Italian poplar, three acacias, and few laurels, and a couple of yews complete the stock of timber and shrubs, and altogether the place looks about as unpromising as garden can well appear. I firmly believe that ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would have accepted the ground with all its ugliness, and have done nothing with it except planting the flower-beds, for I have observed that amateur gardeners have, as a rule, a great disinclination to alter. I have seen the most hideous bits of wall left bare when a couple of shillings spent on common laurels would have hidden them. I have observed the most dreadful "behind the scenes" views of back yards, which a little lattice work and a creeping plant, would have completely shut out. I have seen a garden without a place of shelter in it, when a few rough poles, some hop plants, and a climbing rose would have made a bower fit for the reception of a May Queen, and all these drawbacks and defects are but the result of a want of forethought and a disinclination to improve another man's property.

Determined to fashion my garden to my own tastes, my first care was to obtain the services of a gardener who would carry out my views. Oh, the weary, weary search! oh, the miserable failures! was there not first the "very man who would suit me"—the man who came and stuck sticks all over the ground, planted imaginary shrubs here, curved the paths there, made a gentle slope over this side, and planned a piece of grotto work on the other, and when he had finished his mental design it was not at all what I required, and as he would stick to his notions, and said mine were impossible, we parted. Then there was number two, the intelligent being who knew exactly what I wanted, heartily approved of every alteration I had planned, complimented me upon my skill as a landscape gardener, but was utterly wanting in the ability to carry out my ideas; had confused notions as to levels, and always managed to plant shrubs exactly in the wrong places. Then there was number 3—but why go through the catalogue of plagues? Suffice it to say that at last the right man was found, who, though with an opinion of his own, caves in before my firmness with the unvarying phrase "of course it's your place, and you do as you like." Here let me give a word of warning to my fellow amateurs concerning the jobbing gardener, and especially the suburban specimens of those creatures. There may be honourable exceptions, but as a class they are a sham, a snare, and a delusion. To get a fair day's work out of them is almost an impossibility, and who amongst us does not know of the mysterious disappearance in consequence of "the frost" of choice shrubs and plants from our gardens? The ingenious manner in which they can potter over beds when they are working by time, and the rapidity with which they can mow the lawn when they contract to do our gardens are both marvellous to behold. Then when they are slack of work what an incredibly neglected state has our "pleasaunce" fallen into; but when they have plenty to do elsewhere it is astonishing to find what a charming state of ground tidiness we are in. Of course, every one will recognize the truth of these remarks as far as his neighbours' gardeners are concerned, but as to his own it is quite another affair. Has he not secured the services, at three-and-sixpence per diem, of the most conscientious, hard-working gardener in existence?—a man who is always busy when the master is at home!—a man who never sells him plants, then purloins them, and re-sells them to the lady who is "uncommon fond of flowers" over the way;—a man who never, immediately after the master of the house departs in the morning, disappears for a few hours to work elsewhere, and then charge for ten hours honest labour! We all of us have found the *rara avis*, and it is only our unfortunate friends and neighbours who are taken in and utterly "sold" by the jobbing gardener! What a blessed thing is faith in our own servitors. The best of the joke is, that we are not only taken in by these sons of the soil, but we absolutely place in their hands the laying out of our grounds, and the arrangement of our flower-beds, and as most of them have gardens of their own in which they raise plants and shrubs, we are unknowingly coerced into taking for the adornment of our grounds whatever they have in stock. In that corner we had fancied a Portugal laurel, but "Lor bless you, mum, a harbor vitæ's the very thing; the foliage is so 'andsome;" and we accept our gardener's dictum. The dear creature gets a swinging profit on the arbor vitæ, which he has at home, whilst he happens to be "out" of Portugal laurels. If in the matter of gardeners we would but exert the control we exercise over our other servants our gardens would be better tended, and we should call into existence a better race of men to look after the fruits and flowers of the British soil.

Three-fourths of the difficulties and miseries of men come from the fact that most want wealth without earning it, fame without deserving it, popularity without temperance, respect without virtue, and happiness without holiness.

New Music.

SONG "TO MUSIC." Words by W. H. Wordley. Music by James J. Monk. (London; Weippert and Co., Regent-street.)

SPRING FLOWERS. Sketch for pianoforte. By J. Parry Cole. (London: Weekly and Co., Hanover-street.)

THE SILVER WATERLILY. Caprice for pianoforte. By J. Parry Cole. (Same publishers.)

THE WATER-MILL. Caprice for pianoforte. By J. Parry Cole. (Same publishers.)

THE WREATHED GARLAND. Bolero for pianoforte. By J. Parry Cole. (Same publishers.)

MR. JAMES J. MONK, the accomplished organist of St. Ann's Church, Rainhill, has published a very charming song "To Music," which is certain to be a favourite with all who hear it. It is true there are some difficulties to be overcome by the singer, but these lead in the end to such beauties that the obstacles are worth surmounting. Of Mr. Wordley's words we are unable to speak very highly. Beyond the negative praise of admitting that they sing easily, we fear it is impossible to ascribe to them any merit whatever.

Mr. Parry Cole's music is so well-known by this time, all his peculiarities so familiar, his merits and his demerits equally divided, that it is needless to enter into any lengthened notice of the works enumerated above. All of them are distinguished by the same rippling flow of melody, by the same unexpected mechanical difficulties, by the same pleasant turns and surprises in the harmony. Of the mechanism of his art Mr. Cole is, indeed, a perfect master, and most of our readers in consideration of his many good qualities will forgive him for his lack of originality. Of the four pieces we prefer the "Silver Waterlily" and the "Wreathed Garland," both of which we commend very heartily to those of our readers who are seeking for an effective and showy piece, and not afraid of a little difficulty.

Music and the Drama.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

AFTER many changes the directors of the Crystal Palace seem to have arrived at the wise conclusion of appointing a thoroughly practical manager to conduct a series of dramatic entertainments, which have the merit of not being merely *réchauffés* of pieces performed at the London theatres, but are instead selections of the best comedies, farces, and burlesques of the modern stage, performed by a picked company. Mr. W. H. Swanborough, who has been appointed to carry out this scheme, commenced his duties last Monday, and selected Mr. Byron's admirable burlesque, *The Pilgrim of Love*, as his *piece de resistance*, engaging Miss Augusta Thomson and Mr. Edward Terry for the principal parts. As a matter of course, the former played with that admirable *nerve* and *chic* for which she has created for herself a reputation on the London stage, whilst her delivery of the "Laughing Song," from Manon Lescaut, which she introduced, and Bishop's ballad "The Pilgrim of Love," produced such an effect on the musical audience of the Crystal Palace that both songs were enthusiastically encored. If we do not mistake it was Miss Augusta Thomson's first appearance on the Sydenham stage, but judging by the reception she met with this week it will not be her last. As for Mr. Edward Terry, his King of Toledo is one of the acknowledged facts in modern burlesque. His impersonation is from first to last quaintly droll, and marvellously original. The song of "Complaints" is so well-known that it met at the Crystal Palace with the same favourable reception it has received at the Strand Theatre, and wherever else Mr. Terry has sung it. Not merely content with engaging *artistes* of the first rank for his principal parts, Mr. Swanborough has secured the services of some of the best available talent in London for the subordinate characters; to wit, Miss Bella Goodall for the Parrot, and that lady sustains the part in the most vivacious manner, and dances with grace and *abandon* sufficient to put to the blush many professional *danseuses*. Again, Miss Sylvia Hodson is one of the most artless "Princesses" that could have been found in London, whilst Mr. Wallace as Ebben was as able an exponent of the character as could be met with. It is needless to speak of the excellency of the Crystal Palace band; but Mr. J. Fitzgerald, the musical director of the Strand, deserves a word of recognition for the admirable manner in which he arranged the music and conducted the orchestra. The burlesque was preceded by the farce *Trying it on*, in which Mr. Swanborough delighted the audience by his rattling rendering of the Charles Mathewsian "Walsingham Potts." On Wednesday the same bill was repeated, and on Thursday the operetta *Jeannette's Wedding*, with the comedy *Kind to a Fault*, were performed.

LITERARY, DRAMATIC, MUSICAL, AND FINE ARTS JOTTINGS.

MR. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault have determined to resume their profession as actors.

A NEW play by Mr. Wills is announced for production at the Queen's theatre this evening.

MISS RAYNHAM, an actress who obtained some reputation in boys' parts, has died in Hombourg.

A SECOND gift of £1,000 from an anonymous donor has been forwarded to the council of the Royal Dramatic College.

ABOUT Christmas an elaborate revival of *The Tempest*, for which extensive scenic preparations have been made, will be provided at the Queen's.

ON Thursday, at the Queen's, for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Rousby, a new comedy, by Mr. W. Dubourg, entitled "The School for Wives," was produced.

The *Builder* states that the contract for the reconstruction of the Victoria theatre, which closes next week, has been undertaken by Mr. Snowdon, of Harrow-road, for £5,600.

MADAME RISTORI is about starting for a campaign in the Danubian Principalities, where she has never yet been heard. She will give representations at Bucharest, Galatz, and Odessa.

HERR CARL ROSA and Mdme. Parepa-Rosa arrived in New York on the 8th August, and are passing a few weeks at Sharon Springs before entering upon their English Opera season in October in New York.

AMONG recent novelties at the minor theatres are, a drama at the Grecian, adapted from the French, and called *Against the Stream*, and a burlesque at the Alfred Theatre, entitled *Ingomar the Idiotic*, which is bad enough for Burnand.

THE Holborn Theatre will re-open on the 11th of September, under the management of Mr. R. Mansell, lately of the Globe. A drama, by the late Alexander Dumas, entitled *Edmund Kean*, and a one-act opéra bouffe, by Offenbach, will be produced.

AT the last Kurhaus concert at Wiesbaden Mdmes. Arabella Goddard and Trebelli-Bettini were much applauded for their fine performance and singing. Mr. Charles Adams did not arrive; it is said he was detained through the late railway accident at Aschaffenburg.

MR. W. H SWANBOROUGH has been appointed director of a series of dramatic performances to be given at Sydenham Palace. The first took place last Monday, when Byron's burlesque, *The Pilgrim of Love*, was performed, with Miss Augusta Thomson as "Prince Ahmed."

WE hear that Mr. Stevens, a member of the Civil Service Musical Society, has signed a four years' engagement with Mr. Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Opera. This is the third Civil Servant who has entered the operatic profession within the last few years, Mr. Tom Hohler and Mr. Bentham being the other two.

A NEW theatre was opened at Reading on last Monday. It is a most charming little house, with an excellent stage, the best possible accommodation for the public, and so comfortably arranged both before and behind the scenes that Mr. Elliott Galer, the proprietor, may be heartily congratulated upon his success as an architect.

At the Alhambra the unsuccessful *Battle of Dorking* has been withdrawn for Dibdin's musical farce, *The Two Gregorys; or, Where did the Money come from?* Miss Minnie Sidney, Mr. C. H. Fenton, Mr. Boreogni, Miss Armstrong, and Messrs. Irish and Everard contribute to a successful performance.

WE understand that at a recent meeting of the Worcester Cathedral Restoration Committee the question of lighting the Cathedral with gas for evening services was discussed, and it was resolved to adopt that mode of lighting. There will be handsome standards for the choir, and string courses of gas off the walls and piers of the nave.

THE late Edward Loder's opera, *The Night Dancers*, containing some of his best compositions, has been revived at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. George Perren, who sings the tenor part, originally sung by Mr. Allen, when the work was first produced, in 1846, at the Princess's Theatre. Miss Marie Rossetti, who made a successful *debut* at the Sydenham Palace in *The Daughter of the Regiment*, takes the part of Giselle.

AT the Gaiety the regular season has re-opened with Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse*. Miss Julia Matthews in the title-role, and Messrs. Stoyle, Lyall, Aynesley Cook, &c., in their accustomed parts. A new operatic extravaganza *Cinderella*, written by Mr. Alfred Thompson, and with original music from the pen of M. Emile Jonas, composer of *Les Deux Arlequins*, &c., is announced as being in active preparation. Mdlle. Clary, of the Bouffe Theatre, St. Petersburg, will appear as the heroine.

ANOTHER theatre, and a classic one to boot, has come down to the music-hall level. This is the Liverpool Theatre Royal, the house where Mr. Copeland ruled so long, a house in which Siddons, Macready, the Keans have acted, and Pasta, Grisi, Mario sung their sweetest. It opened last week as a music-hall, *sine* drinking and smoking, however. That last indignity is spared it; but the comic song is shouted from the stage, and the boards re-echo with the cellar-flap.

THE Lyceum opens under Mr. Bateman's management on Monday next. The resistance piece is a play dramatised by Mdme. Birch Pfeiffer, from a novel of George Sand, and translated into English by Mrs. Bateman. It is called *Fanchette*. Mr. E. Silas, who is conductor at the Lyceum, has fitted the drama with original music, which *en* Mr. Silas's capacity and reputation, ought to be very good. Miss Isabella Bateman, a younger sister of Miss Kate Josephine, makes her *debut* in the piece.

At a café in Dijon, the other day, a performance was given for the benefit of the poor. Among the songs was one called the "Wooden Pipes," in which the words "William" and "Germany" recurred, without special offensiveness. But four red hussars (Prussians), who were among the audience, took umbrage at these expressions, and began an onslaught on the audience, dealing out cuffs on the ear right and left. Several were hurt, and the unfortunate singer arrested, to be released with a warning next day.

THAT lively little boy Almaviva, who sputters smart nothings weekly in the *London Figaro*, writing of Benedict's opera, *Un Anno ed un Giorno*, which is to be performed in an English dress at the St. James's, says that he understands it is a "really pretty piece," and that he is "glad we are to have a chance of hearing it." Considering it was played this year at the Lyceum by the Italian Opera bouffe Company, we should have thought even Almaviva had been old enough at the time to recollect the fact; but if he were too young at the period to be taken to theatres, surely he might have appealed to his nurse before committing himself.

MR. and Mrs. Barney Williams are at present at Brussels, endeavouring to obtain redress from the railway authorities for the loss of property valued at £1,200. It appears that about six weeks ago, they sent four trunks, containing their personal wardrobe and other property, by express from Brussels to Manabad, Bohemia, being assured that they would reach their destination in five days. Whether the trunks ever arrived appears, at present, a mystery; they have not been seen, and nobody knows what has become of them. Mr. Williams has expended upwards of £150 in search of his property, amongst which is some valuable jewellery of Mrs. Williams's. It is feared that, the railways being Government property, he will be unable to obtain any compensation for his loss.

THE sacred drama is not likely to flourish in England. Warning may be taken from the egregious blunder committed by some silly amateurs at Barrow. The Barrow amateurs got up *Joseph and his Brethren*. The amateur actors turned the whole affair into a burlesque, which tickled the auditors immensely, and actually elicited roars of laughter. Through all this the unconscious amateurs gravely and painfully plodded along, until the house was brought down with a ringing cheer and intense merriment at what ought to have been a climax of thrilling solemnity—the meeting of Joseph and his aged father. In truth the ludicrous antics of "Joseph" were too much for human nature to bear, and the sight of the house at this time was something extraordinary. The spectacle of all the motley "brethren," each with his bran-new staff and his housewife's meal-bag over his shoulder, slowly passing in Indian file before a lively bit of Italian scenery, and dismally chanting "There's no place like home," was a sight the reverse of edifying.

The Women of the Future.

IT is scarcely too much to say that the greatest social need of the present day is educational development for women. If we regard the position in which they stand towards the other sex at the various stages of existence, and the influence they exercise on males from childhood upwards, we can find no difficulty in recognising this paramount need.

Who can measure accurately, for instance, the influence for good or evil of the mother on her little ones, when their minds are as melted wax, ready to receive impressions well nigh indelible—when the infant intelligence sucks up everything around like a sponge in contact with liquid? The stamp of the maternal hand, laid down deeply in the pliable mind of childhood, is never afterwards wholly erased, no matter what the friction to which the hardened intellect of maturity may be subjected. If the mother have set an example of frivolity, her child will be frivolous when it is no longer a child; if she have taught it dissimulation, envy, or hatred, she has sown seeds which will bud and grow into a crop of vices. On the other hand, where the mother has laid down the foundations of religion broad and deep in the young mind, and not disturbed them by the shock of a contrary example, then, in spite of the temptations to which all are liable, and the errors and frailties which proclaim our human nature, those foundations will be found even at the last. If temperance, order, method, culture, have been inculcated by the mother, even in old age and under the most unfavourable circumstances for their development traces of these virtues will be found. The relations between the mother and child are so intimate that the maturer mind must naturally leave its impress on the other. The being to whom the child looks for the supply of every want must naturally become its model.

Seldom, indeed, do women deliberately teach evil to their children. Ignorance, and the folly born of ignorance, often make them give impressions the most pernicious. Yet we will not be far wrong when we say that if the mothers of the workmen of France had taught good instead of evil to their sons, Socialism would not to-day threaten the total disruption of society in that unhappy land. And even here we are disposed to lay the blame on the ignorance of right and wrong in which these same miserable women were themselves brought up. They received evil impressions, and transmitted them. They knew no better. Their daughters, as well as their sons, imbibed their sentiments. Ignorance made them furies. Good instruction might have made them almost angels. Ignorance of the most pernicious kind shrouded them from birth; a time of public disorder comes and they act like demons.

It is not necessary for our argument to suppose that our women could under any circumstances act in like manner. But we may fairly say that if they were educated up to the requisite height they might mould the destinies of their country into the happiest forms. They could lay the foundations of solid virtues, while avoiding the inculcation of pernicious prejudices. They could establish order, method, and regularity in their families—qualities now but little attended to amongst certain classes. The influence of religion would necessarily be stronger on minds prepared in this way; and the destructive theories so favoured abroad would find here no fitting soil.

Again, as wives, women possess a powerful influence on men. If that influence be for good, how much is gained! Where it is for evil, what horrors result! We are afraid that men never willingly admit how much their thoughts are modified by those of their wives; and yet everyone who looks around can see examples of active feminine influence in both ways.

The errors of women proceed usually from morbid or excited feelings. A really good education, which would develop the reasoning faculty, must of necessity exercise a wholesome restraint on emotional excesses. It should palpably decrease frivolity, and strike at the root of the preposterous vanity in which so many of the women of to-day habitually indulge. A woman trained up to the mental level of her husband must naturally be more capable of giving him judicious advice. Able to take a broad and comprehensive view of any given subject—to look at it from more than one point of vision—her influence would be free from the pettiness and narrow-mindedness which too often at present mark the suggestions of the wife. Her influence should naturally be for good; and if, as frequently happens, she should have the misfortune to be united to a man whose courses her whole nature abhors, her power of moving him to the path of right would be immensely strengthened if she were able to throw around him a coherent chain of reasons. The very respect a husband should feel for a wife who combined sense with affection—purity with power of thought—could not fail to add to the influence which wives exercise even at present from the mere nature of conjugal intimacy. The unhappy bickerings which now disfigure so many married lives, should cease to exist under the conditions we have supposed. A really good education, no one can doubt, would in most minds create those conditions.

Here is something worth working for—something to employ the heads and hearts of the many women who are complaining of the narrow sphere to which the whole sex is now confined, and who aver that they are forced into a monotonous round of occupations which are almost idleness, if they avoid the paths of fashion and frivolity, and wish to escape the unwholesome region of continued excitement. That many women are so circumstanced, we know; that they would find congenial work in endeavouring to raise the standard of education and planting the habit of thought amongst their sex, we believe. For this reason we make no excuse for bringing under their notice a project of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, which proposes the formation of a national association for the improvement of the education of girls. We prefer to let the Council state the objects of the Association in its own words:

"1. To enlighten the public mind, through meetings

and lectures throughout the country, on the present low state of female education, on the national importance of improving it, and on the measures required for that end.

"2. To collect and disseminate information respecting the best methods of education, the comparative advantages of home and school systems, and of large and small schools, the influence of endowments, and, generally, all questions connected with the training of girls.

"3. To promote measures for the better training of female teachers, and especially means for their examination and registration by fixed standards, so as to secure a test of competency.

"4. To promote the formation of Councils similar to the North of England Council for the Education of Women in other divisions of the country, so as to multiply local centres and bind them together by a common organization."

In order to make the association as wide as possible the Council propose that a subscription of 5s. should be sufficient to constitute membership.

There can be no doubt of the advantages which must result from the carrying out of these objects in an honest impartial spirit. There are and will be varying views upon every point connected with education; but to us it seems that a project so wide as this, if taken up in the general way indicated, would secure at least the best representation of differing opinions, and possibly lead to a common understanding as to the basis on which feminine education will be conducted in future.—*The Emerald.*

The Latest Fashions.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

TRAVELLING COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF SIX.—Grey alpaca or black cashmere, trimmed with black ribbon velvet. Frock, high body and long sleeves. Braces of frills, coat sleeves, with frills in the cuffs, and two rows of velvet. Skirt, two flounces, one over the other; braiding, three rows of velvet. Travelling pardessus, a large circular cape, edged with a frill; or cut it as a loose paletot, ample in the skirt; the frill to cover the top of upper skirt flounce; head the frill with three rows of velvet; a cape with a frill to reach to the velvet on the pardessus. Cut this open at the back, and carry the frill up each side of the back to the neck; head it with three rows of velvet. Polish boots. Black straw gipsy hat, trimmed with black ribbon and terry red rose.

DRESS FOR A GIRL OF TEN.—In piqué, alpaca, llama, or cashmere, braided. The skirt is to be covered with three rows of trimming, leaving a blank above the hem. Each row consists of three rows of plain narrow black braid, above which two rows of braid, twisted in a series of rings, or one row twisted in a series of double rings like figures of 8. Body a deep tight jacket, making deep points before and behind, and open on the hips, with braces. Trimmed with two straight rows of braid, and a row of loops each side. A fringe all round. Bell sleeves, with two rows of trimming and fringe at the edge. A band of ribbon round the hat. Cluster of bows near the back, securing an ostrich top curled over towards the front.

FOR A GIRL EIGHT TO TEN.—Green pattern on a white ground, foulard silk skirt, trimmed with three rows of green narrow ribbon on the hem, raised to a point at each side below the hips. Tunic and half high corset body of plain green foulard. The tunic is simply an over skirt, nearly as long as the frock, caught up by a looped strap each side of the waist, at the hips. Waist band with a knot and two deep loops behind. Top of corset body trimmed with three rows of green ribbon. This corset is not separate from the dress body. The body is really made in one, the join disguised by the trimming. Sleeves of green and white, coat shaped. Deep revers, cuffs of green pointed to the back, edged with three rows of green ribbon, and three buttons down the back of them.

FROM TEN TO TWELVE YEARS.—Plain skirt of brown and white striped camlet (or foulard). A trimming is placed on this to imitate a plain tunic, open from the waist, square at the corners in front, and plain all round. The trimming is made of plain brown foulard vandyked. A bow secures the waist-band, and bows continue down the front of the skirt. The front of the body is trimmed as if with a *Marie Antoinette fichu*, high at the back of the neck, forming a pointed cape behind, and crossing in front to the waist, open at the throat. The *fichu* is not real, only imitated with trimming similar to that on the skirt; the lower row of trimming is narrower than that on the tunic, and the upper row narrower still. The bodice is high, and closed to the throat with a ribbon bow. Real sash ends behind finish the costume. In cashmere or llama, trimmed with a contrasting or with the same colored silk, satin, or velvet, this is a pretty autumn or winter costume.

A corset from the establishment of Madame Theodore Poirotte, of 18, Dawson-street, Dublin, will ensure a graceful fit in any of the above costumes.

FOR A LITTLE BOY THREE OR FOUR.—A skirt with a box plait in front, and single plaits all round each way from it. The front has buttons and a braided pattern worked up it, or it may be trimmed *entablier*. Plain high body, and coat sleeves. For outdoors, a loose short jacket, square in shape, just over the hips, cut up to the hips in tabs, braided round, sailor collar, coat sleeves.

FOR A BOY FOUR OR FIVE.—A short skirt kelt plaited all round. Rather deep tight-fitting jacket, open to the hips and up the back in the basque. This is open in front, rounded off, and worn over a real waistcoat. Coat sleeves and deep half cuffs; no trimming to the skirt. Round the jacket tabs closely studded large black wooden or pearl or cloth-covered buttons. Short plain drawers like under drawers, three inches below the knee. Cut open two inches up on the outer side, edged with one row of dark braid above the hem. Material—holland, light twilled cloth, tweed, or velveteen, according to the season.

Boys from eight to ten wear sailor suits. The generality of fashions furnished us from the continent for boys are so frightful and ridiculous, that we refrain from quoting them. The safest plan for mothers is to go to a respectable tailor and order a suit. When a fashionable tailor is found too dear, such firms as Moses & Sons, or Hyam's, both of Tottenham-court-road, and elsewhere, will be found to furnish appropriate garments.

Girls' skirts are made gored like those of ladies, the front gores sloped off round at the top. They are set in the skirt plain to the hips, and the back entirely gathered; all gored skirts should have false hems.

COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL FROM FIVE TO TEN YEARS.—A dress of mauve silk, with one flounce, headed by a ruche of violet ribbon, with a strap of mauve silk in the centre; above this a plating of mauve silk, and above that again a plating of violet ribbon. Jacket body, trimmed with a frill of violet ribbon. A violet scarf under a lace collar at the neck.

ANOTHER COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF THE SAME AGE.—Dress of gray cashmere. Double skirt, edged with maroon velvet. Jacket body, edged with maroon velvet; sleeves to correspond. A large bow and ends of maroon fixed at the waist behind. Under-sleeves and chemisette of muslin, or, for cold weather, of the material of the dress. This costume may be made in crimson cashmere, trimmed with velvet the same colour, or of light brown, trimmed with dark brown.

Both children wear Polish boots of bronze kid. These kind of boots only are now used for well dressed girls and little boys. Black patent leather or glove kid for winter walking; bronze, with dressy muslin toilettes. Black cashmere, in mourning, for dress toilettes. For very elegant wear, boots can be composed of silk to match the dress, or black silk or satin in morning. But bronze is thought sufficient for any occasion. Tassels are not usual.

A pretty white muslin frock for a little boy can be made with a princess front. There is no join to the waist. The neck is a small square. Down the centre of the front three rows of insertion joined, the centre one a different pattern to the other two. Each side of this a piece as wide as the whole of the insertion, with horizontal tucks, and edged on the outer side with narrow embroidery. The front each side of this is trimmed with a goffered frill, forming braces on the body at the sides of the entablier point. The frill is headed by narrow insertion, like the centre, insertion and edged with narrow embroidery. Rather wide bows, without ends of blue ribbon are thus disposed on the shoulders; on the heading of the frill at the waist; half way between the shoulders and waist; half way down the skirt, and just above the hem; ten bows in all. The waist ribbon of the sash passes under the insertion in front, and has a handsome broad bow and ends behind. The square neck is trimmed round with the insertion, the same as the centre, and an upright embroidered edge.

We observed at a *fete* recently a little girl thus richly dressed. Her frock was fine white alpaca, or foulard ornamented with blue velvet, and chenille fringe. She was about ten years old. The skirt had on three narrow gathered flounces, each headed by velvet ribbon. A tunic covered the head of the top flounce. It was a plain unlooped over skirt, open at the sides to the waist, trimmed all round with three rows of velvet, and at the lower edge only with chenille fringe. There was a second tunic skirt over this, shorter, trimmed the same way, but with only two rows of velvet, but the corners, were it was open at the sides, were taken back, as *revers*, and trimmed accordingly. Above this again was a little square basque trimmed all round with fringe and one row of velvet. The body opened with a *rever* over a blue waistcoat, and was trimmed with two rows of velvet. The bell sleeves were edged with fringe only.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FASHIONS.

FIG. 1. WALKING DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY.—Black velveteen skirt to touch the ground, perfectly plain. Tunic of grey silk serge, looped up at sides, and trimmed round with fringe and black and grey velvet. Half-fitting jacket, cut up at sides and back, and trimmed round with fringe and velvet to match the tunic. A bow of black and grey velvet at top of each cutting. Duchess sleeve, trimmed round elbow with a band of velvet and a bow at back. The frill of sleeve is also trimmed with fringe and velvet to match tunic. Grey straw hat, trimmed with black velvet band round crown and black velvet sash at back. Danish kid gloves.

FIG. 2. WALKING DRESS.—White piqué skirt, trimmed with deep box-plaits, and a butterfly bow between each plait. White silk serge tunic, trimmed with dark blue braid, headed with a very narrow frill of serge, and edged with a rich silk alpaca fringe. Half-fitting jacket, with pagoda sleeves, lined with dark blue sarsenet, and trimmed to match tunic. Linen collar and cuffs. Straw Spanish hat, with turned-up brim.

FIG. 3. THE MARIE FICHU.—Composed of white muslin in folds. The ends rounded at the back, and the whole bordered with a rose pink satin fold, with a tiny edge of muslin, escalloped and worked with button-hole stitch in Embroidery Cotton, No. 30, standing up. The edge should be of crochet in No. 24 Boar's Head, and Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 4. A chain, the length required, should be made, and then 8 rows worked thus: 1st row: Turn, *, miss 5, and 1 double, then 5 chain, miss 5, and 3 treble in one, 5 chain; and repeat from * to the end, and fasten off. 2nd row: 1 double on the first double stitch, *, then 5 chain, and 3 treble in the centre stitch of the next 3 treble, then 5 chain, and 1 double on the 1 double between; and repeat from * to the end, and fasten off. Repeat as 2nd row 6 times more, so forming the 8 row, which, when completed, has a very pretty appearance, and is strong and durable. A roulette of satin fastens the back of the fichu, and knots of the same are placed at each end, as seen.

FIG. 4. THE LOUISE HAT.—Composed of white straw, trimmed with green velvet, a green feather, and a tuft of white ones.

FIG. 5. THE LOUISE OPERA CLOAK.—Composed of white cashmere, embroidered with gold silk, and braided with gold.

FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

FIG. 6. PETTICOAT BORDER.—*Materials.*—Muslin and lace insertion, together with Embroidery Cotton, No. 30, and Walter Evans's Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 16, and H. Watkin's penelope hooks No. 3½. The embroidery insertion should be worked in satin stitch upon the muslin, and the holes cut out and sewn over. The herring-bone stitch, which connects the insertion and the muslin together should be done in No. 16 cotton. Each vandyke should be done in satin stitch, and edged in little holes, pierced and sewn over.

FIG. 7. LADY'S HABIT SHIRT.—Composed of alternate strips of netting and embroidery. The netting should be in No. 26 Walter Evans's Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, and the darning upon it in No. 20; the mesh should be H. Walker's No. 12. After the strips are joined together, the whole should be bordered with edging either of crochet or tatting, or it could be netting.

FIG. 8. LADY'S HABIT SHIRT.—Can easily be made from the illustrations.

FIG. 9. LADIES' LOCKET.—Composed of gold, studded with blue stones. A ribbon passes through the top of it, to tie with long ends at the back.

FIG. 10. GERMAN BOX.—To hold sweetmeats, and to hang on the Christmas-tree. It is composed of velvet and silk embroidery, and gilt beads over a cardboard shape.

FIG. 11. CROCHET AND MIGNARDISE INSERTION.—The *Materials.*—Mignardise braid; H. Walker's Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 3½; and W. Evans's Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 16, if for drawers, &c. The whole to be worked in chain and double crochet from our illustration.

FIG. 12. ROUND TOP FOR A PINCUSHION.—The *Materials.*—Azure blue satin ribbon; Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 3; and Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No 16. The design is composed of 6 diamond divisions, worked in the double crochet, and increased at each of the 4 corners. The centre of each open, and the whole connected together with chain and double stitch, as seen. When completed, a rosette should be placed in the cen re, and between each division a butterfly bow should be placed.

FIG. 13. FLOWER VASE MAT.—The *Materials.*—Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 3, and Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 12, or finer if desired. The whole to be worked in chain, double, and treble stitches from our illustration.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

FLOWER GARDEN.

THIS is a capital time for buying in bulbs for spring flowering, though there is plenty of time as yet, as the summer bedders will not be cleared off for another month or six weeks. The accompanying list comprises the best kinds for outdoor work that can be had at a cheap rate.

Hyacinths, Single.—Amy, bright crimson; Baron von Tuyll, deep blue; Charles Dickens, light blue; Grand Vainqueur, pure white; Heroine, yellow; Norma, pink; Madame Hodgson, pink striped with carmine. *Double*—Anna Maria, white; Lord Wellington, blue; Panorama, red; Waterloo, deep red. Mixed varieties produce a charming appearance when in flower, but it is impossible to have such a grand and telling effect by them as can be had by a judicious arrangement of the above fine varieties. All the above are first-rate for pots, and figure in the winning collections at the principal spring exhibitions. Of course, the bulbs at the above-mentioned price would not be so large and heavy as those of the same varieties for which sixpence or ninepence is paid.

Bedding Tulips, Single.—Argus, scarlet, fine bold flower; Belle Alliance, brilliant scarlet, fine and dwarf; Jan Luyken, bright red; Keizerkroon, red and yellow, fine; La Reine, white; Pottebakker, red and yellow; Pottebakker, white; Pottebakker, yellow; Rosa Mundi, white and rose; Thomas Moore, orange-brown, tall, therefore fine for the centre and back rows; Yellow Prince, one of the best yellows. *Double*—Duc van Tholl, red and yellow, dwarf; Gloria Solis, red, shaded with brown and edged with yellow; Princess Alexandra, red, edged with yellow, dwarf and good; Rosina, rosy pink, fine; Tournesol, red and yellow, grand; Tournesol, bright golden yellow, fine. All the above-mentioned varieties flower at one and the same time, so that all can be used in the same arrangements.

Crocus.—Caroline Chisholm, pure white; David Rizzio, fine purple; Golden Yellow, the best yellow; Ne Plus Ultra, blue, Prince Albert, blue, fine; Queen Victoria, white; Sir John Franklin, dark purple. We have confined our selection of these to the self-coloured varieties, as the striped kinds are not so well adapted for massing, the effect produced being less clear and distinct.

FORCING.—Attend to former directions in all departments, and keep the inside borders of all the houses properly supplied with water, to enable the trees to swell up their buds for next year. Give the trees in the earliest house a thorough shaking, to dislodge the loose leaves and expose the young growth more fully to the light and air; but avoid the barbarous practice of stripping the leaves off with the hand, as practised by a few ignorant cultivators.

PLANT-HOUSES.—Prepare for the return of the stove plants from the greenhouse and conservatory to their proper quarters, and also for housing the greenhouse plants, as the more tender subjects will soon require protection.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

OUR laboratory report tells a sad tale this month again. Out of fifty samples collected principally around King's-cross, Euston-road, and Somers Town we had forty bad, one good, and nine doubtful milks. The latter have not been fully determined in duplicate, and are, therefore, not included in the present list. Some of the milks sold as new are far below the standard normal skim milk. A noticeable feature in our "deteriorated" list is the almost uniform quality of the milk sold at different times by the same individual—showing a certain amount of method in the milk vendor in reducing the milk to a profitable standard. The addition and skimming must thus be removed from the realm of accident, or of occasional tampering by ignorant subordinates and dishonest carriers.—*Milk Journal.*

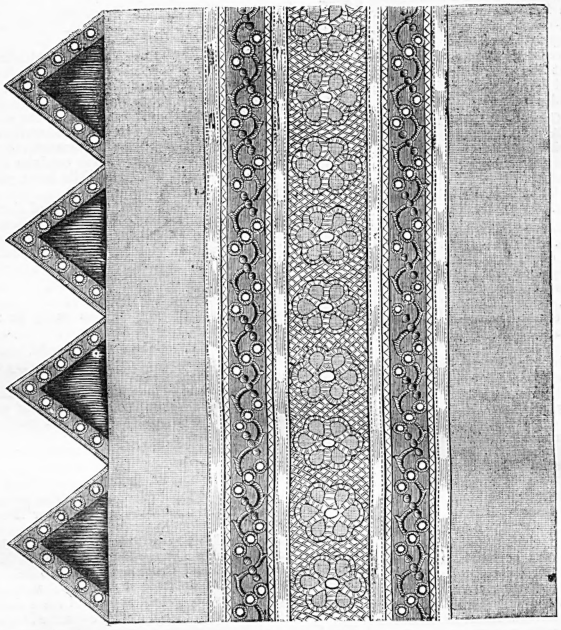

Fig. 6.—Petticoat Border.

Fig. 3.—The Marie Fichu.

1.—Promenade Dress for the Country.

Fig. 2.—Promenade Dress.

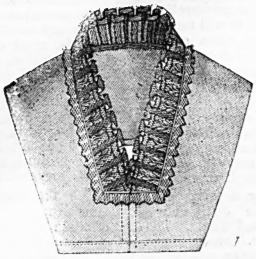

FIG. 7.—HABIT SHIRT.

FIG. 4.—THE LOUISE HAT.

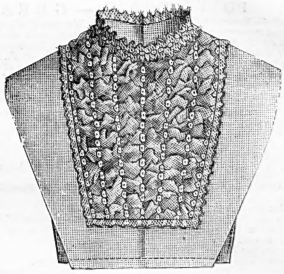

FIG. 8.—HABIT SHIRT.

FIG. 9.—LADY'S LOCKET.

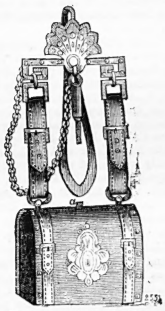

FIG. 10.—GERMAN BAG.

FIG. 5.—THE LOUISE OPERA CLOAK.

FIG. 11.—CROCHET AND MIGNARDISE INSERTION.

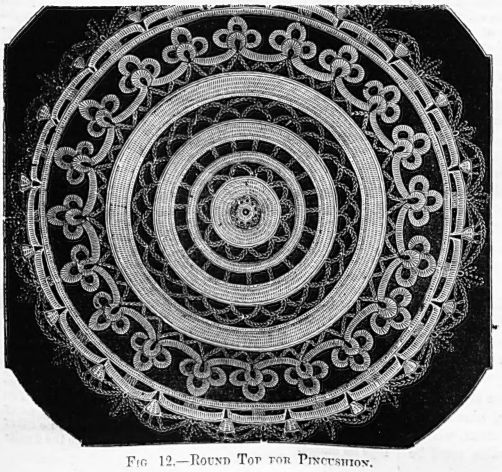

FIG. 12.—ROUND TOP FOR PINCUSHION.

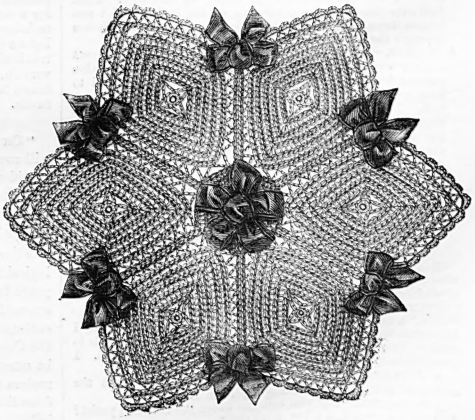

FIG. 13.—ROUND FLOWER VASE MAT.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S. — Portrait Models of H.I.M. the Emperor of Germany, H.I.H. Prince Frederick William, Count Von Bismarck, Count Von Moltke, and other Celebrities of the War, are now added. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Ten Years of Age, Sixpence. Extra Rooms, Sixpence. Open rom Ten in the Morning till Ten at Night.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC. — GREAT ATTRACTION—Professor Pepper's "Trip to the Western Highlands of Ireland:" grand Scenery, and Irish Songs by Miss Barth.—Great Revival of Henry Russell's Songs, under his personal kind superintendence, with grand Scenic and Optical Effects. Vocalist, Mr. Plumpton.—"Paris, as it Was and Is;" illustrated with a beautiful series of Pictures of the Public Buildings and Streets; by J. L. King, Esq. Re-engagement of E. D. Davies, the Premier Ventriloquist—The Ghost and other Entertainments as usual.—Admission One Shilling. Open from 12 to 5 and 7 to 10.

Theatres and Amusements.

Covent Garden.—Promenade Concerts—Eight.
Adelphi. Down in a Balloon—(At a Quarter to Eight) Notre-Dame—Fantisticuff. Seven.
Princess's.—A Criminal Couple—Eileen Oge—Domestic Hercules. Seven.
Queen's.—New Drama—Hinko. Seven.
Strand.—Lodgers and Dodgers—Heir at Law—Miss Eily O'Connor—7.30.
Vaudeville.—A Fearful Fog—Apple Blossoms—The Orange Tree and the Humble Bee. Seven.
Lyceum.—Fanchette, the Will o' the Wisp. Seven.
Charing Cross.—My Villa in Italy—Shadows—Crichton. Seven.
Gaiety. New Comedy by Westland Marston—Rosalie. Half-past Seven.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

Sept. 10. Sunday.—14th Sunday after Trinity.
11. Monday.—Lady Palmerston died, 1869.
12. Tuesday.—Duke of Wellington died, 1852.
13. Wednesday—Charles J. Fox died, 1806.
14. Thursday.—New Moon, 7.10 p.m.
15. Friday.—Liverpool and Manchester Railway opened, 1830
16. Saturday.—Sun rises 5.38 a.m.

Our Letter Basket.

The Lady's Own Paper is published by E. Marlborough and Co., 4, Ave Maria-lane, E.C. It may also be obtained at the Railway Stations, and of the Newsagents throughout the United Kingdom. In the event of any difficulty, copies will be sent direct from the General Office, 3, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street; single copies, post free, for 3½d.; three copies for 10d.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year	(post free)	15s. 0d.
Half a Year	,,	7s. 8d.
Quarter of a Year..	,,	3s. 10d.

Advertisements, and Communications intended for the Editor, should be sent to the General Office, 3, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street, E.C.

Agent for French and Continental Advertisements. Mr. Kinnear, 96, Rue de Lafayette, Paris.

O. P. Q.—Pretty fair, but—not up to publication standard. Try again.

Beauty.—The thought underlying your verses is charming but it is crudely expressed, and there are faults both in rhyme and metre. Most unpardonable of all is the ryhming of "law" with "soar" oh! Beauty, Beauty how could you make such a slip?

Fastidious.—You will see that the alteration suggested in your second note is adopted. It is decidedly an improvement, but on the other hand "play" is infinitely better than "way." The word is—at least to our thinking—far more expressive. Altogether we think the verses are the prettiest of the class we have read for a long time. In our opinion indeed you are always most successful when your theme is love. There is a playful wantonness about your passion which always recalls Moore, while you express at the same time a depth of feeling to which he was an utter stranger. *In re* your other letter—most decidedly yes. It was altogether unnecessary to put the question, though it may be more satisfactory to avoid any possible misunderstanding, so for the future pray write freely and frequently. To return to the previous subject. Do you really think "play" in that position suggests "childishness?" We don't.

Inexperience.—It would be much better not to do so. A soft cloth or cashmere boot easy in size, buttoned, or shoes of soft leather are preferable. In spite of what bootmakers often say, the elastic has a tendency to tighten round the ancle, and for such a young child is very likely to spoil the shape of the foot and cause the ancle to enlarge. Children's boots and shoes should be chosen what may be described as a little too large, and considerably too long; fill the length of the toe with a little wadding. They should be long because the shoe always shortens a little in use, and because children grow rapidly. A short boot or shoe shortens the growth of the foot and tends to cause a bunion or other deformity of the joint. The toes want plenty of room lengthways to grow.

A. C. C.—About four yards of merino, or eight of flannel. Flannel wouldn't look well unlined, and to cashmere such a support is absolutely necessary. Twilled lining of a pretty good quality is the best for a lining, and it should match the material. The seams must be run inside. The best way to do this is to cut out the gown, which will be in four pieces, two backs and two fronts; cut the lining, back each piece of lining to a piece of the material a little way in. Turn down one side of one piece of the lining, join the two widths of the material and one width of the lining by stitching. Then fold over the seam the other side of the lining, which you turned down, and hem it, taking care not to take the stitches through the cashmere, but only through the lining.

A Mother.—Try asses' milk. The writer of the present answer was nursed upon it for some time until a suitable servant was procured. Mr. Dawkins, Euston Road, used to keep milk asses. Probably the trade directory would inform you. There is nothing so good for the baby as a wet nurse, when deprived of maternal nourishment; wages, 10s. to 14s. per week. Children often thrive well on one meal a day of arrow-root administered with the spoon, in addition to milk diet. Have you tried pap, made of tops and bottoms? Never more than very slightly sweeten the food. Much sugar is injurious. Be sure it is well prepared, not smoked, burned or suffered to boil over, when the cream is lost.

Our Notes and Queries.

Marian.—Can anyone give me a good receipt for cleaning steel ornaments? And what is the best way to clean a gold chain?

Patience.—Can any one tell me who is the authoress of "Rita," a novel. It is one of the most interesting works I have read for a long time—a domestic story, too, fit for girls to read, and closely entertaining to the more advanced mind. I should like to get some more books by the same authoress.

A Juvenile Reader.—Can any one tell me who is the author of the line, "Some bright particular star?"

A Subscriber.—Can you tell me about the cost of a yacht? And can two men and a boy work one?

LADY'S OWN PAPER. A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE COURT, FASHION, FICTION, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1871.

A terrible story was told at the Marylebone Police-court, on Wednesday last, which once more attracts attention to the management of the Small-pox Hospital, and certainly gives colour to the previous charges which have been brought against that institution in the public press. The facts of the case are as follows:—A Mr. Bellew, a respectable working man, had in May last three children who were attacked by small-pox, and were sent to the hospital at Hampstead. Two of these were subsequently discharged cured, but it is stated that when they returned to their parents the poor children were in a most disgusting state of filth, their heads being absolutely covered with vermin. Well might Mr. Mansfield shudderingly exclaim, "Abominable state of things!" and express his wonder that it should be possible in these days in such an institution. But, disgraceful as this fact is to the authorities of the hospital, more terrible revelations remain. Incredible as it may seem, it is none the less true that such confusion has reigned throughout the hospital, that the children have got "mixed up," and returned to various homes at random. Mr. Bellew, being naturally anxious about his youngest child, who remained in the hospital after the others left, and becoming dissatisfied with the report he received every Sunday, that the child was alive and progressing favourably, demanded to be allowed to see her. He was told this could not be permitted, but at last the authorities allowed the two children who had been discharged to go in and see their sister. They went, but after searching through all the wards, could not find her; the father then insisted on going in, and he, too, was unable to find her. The authorities then sent him home another child as Elizabeth Bellew, which they afterwards admitted was not her; but they evidently seemed to be of opinion that it mattered little whether a parent got his own or anybody else's child, so that he got one of some sort, for they calmly suggested to poor Mr. Bellew that his babe had gone to some one else.

Anything more disgraceful, anything more heartrending, anything more calculated to cause sufferers to disguise an outbreak of small-pox in their homes than this astounding revelation it would be impossible to imagine. Only a few weeks ago the directors of this very hospital wished to proceed against the *Echo* newspaper for an alleged libel contained in an article reflecting somewhat severely upon its gross mismanagement; and now we have proof given in a police court that the severest charges of the journalist fell infinitely short of the truth. The idea that children are thrown into beds like herrings into a cask without any care being taken to preserve their identity is so revolting to every higher feeling of humanity that our pen refuses to express the burning indignation created in our minds by the almost incredible fact. It is absolutely necessary that an immediate enquiry should be made into the organization of this hospital, and that the severest punishment should be meted out to all who are responsible for such extraordinary shortcomings.

It is almost impossible to understand how, in this metropolis so justly celebrated for its admirably managed hospitals, any institution can have fallen into such a state of chaos, as is evidenced by these revelations. It would be cruel to throw any share of the blame on one of the most excellent ladies in the land, but it would really seem that the fact of Mrs. Gladstone having undertaken the principal supervision of the building, the influence of her name has brought the same disorder into the small-pox hospital that her husband's rule has effected in the affairs of the country at large. But to whatever cause due, no time must be lost in setting matters to rights, and the most energetic steps should be insisted on to recover for Mr. Bellew his lost child. As his solicitor explained, he is too poor to apply to a judge at chambers for a writ of *habeas corpus*, commanding the Asylum Board to bring up the body or to account for its disappearance; but as this would be the speediest method of learning the truth about the internal arrangements of this hotbed of vermin, surely some philanthropic individual may be found to assist the heart-broken parents with the requisite funds.

"On the fourth of October, the Social Science Congress will commence its annual meeting at Leeds, under the presidency of the Right Hon. Sir John Pakington." This announcement will doubtless excite little interest in the minds of many readers, who have come to look upon the gathering as only an excuse for a pleasant outing, like those of the British Association and the Archæological Society. Yet if we carry our minds back a few years to the day when Lord Brougham delivered its inaugural address, we may remember how sanguine and enthusiastic admirers prophesied that by the agency of the Congress, every blot upon our social system was to be removed as if by magic. Of the intentions of the promoters there can be no question; but these, alas! have done little but add to the pavement of a district, where, judging from the plentiful supply, paving rates must be unknown. Much talk has been listened to, many interesting papers have been read, but for any practical result that has ensued, the Congress might as well have never existed.

It is indeed a question for serious consideration whether these giant assemblages are not a mistake altogether. Half a dozen earnest men and women who understand their subjects are more likely to effect some real and tangible reform, if they will meet round a table and calmly discuss its bearings, than as many hundreds, most of whom neither know or care what is being talked about, in public meeting assembled. Yet, properly managed, something might be done on these occasions to spread a knowledge of correct principles, and to sow the seeds of widespread individual effort. We are glad, therefore, to learn that great efforts will be made this year to give a practical value to the Congress, and it must be admitted that in the preliminary arrangements there is much room for hope, although there is no little for improvement also.

The four departments into which the Congress is divided are Jurisprudence, Education, Health, and Economy and Trade. The first of these will be presided over by Mr. Vernon Harcourt, who it must be admitted is hardly big enough for the place; and who is, moreover, too likely to run away in search of his pet subjects, rather than to confine his section to the consideration of those reforms in our law which our social system imperatively demands. Yet there are in this direction enough and to spare, and if he and his coadjutors would but settle an effective cure for the adulteration of food we would forgive the Congress all its previous shortcomings. Economy and Trade will be under the presidentship of Mr. Newmarch, the greatest authority on such subjects in the world. Health falls to Mr. George Godwin, and he has already rendered such yeoman's service in this direction that we hope for real results from his presence. Mr. Edward Baines is to look after Education, and we cannot say more of this choice, which has to some extent, doubtless, been the result of local considerations, than to express a strong and fervent hope that the Congress will not accept his theories. However we trust that a successful Congress will be held, and even if nothing more comes from it, that the members will enjoy their visit to the head-quarters of the woollen trade.

Curiosity Auctions in Paris.—Collectors of curiosities and of the relics of great men ought to have visited Paris last week, where, within an interval of less than ten days, two collections of unwonted interset were offered to public sale. For a long time the horses which had belonged to the Emperor were destined for disposal under the hammer, and although M. Thiers succeeded in postponing the day of sale several times, it has at last taken place. On the 25th of last month, in the Visconti Court of Honore, before a great crowd of spectators, the sale took place. It was quite pitiful to see the condition of these animals, accustomed to so much care, and associated with so much luxury and splendour. Badly fed, badly groomed, badly cared for, the last few months of neglect had immensely reduced their value. The very best of them, to judge from their apperance, would have been dearly bought at 50*l.*; but, as one might expect, the crowd were there to purchase and high prices were obtained. Birod and Ceylan, that splendid pair of carriage horses, so familiar to the *habitues* of the Bois de Boulogne in the palmy days of the Empire, fetched 5,800f.; Rowe and Mezidon, wantonly neglected and in miserable condition, 5,100f.; Buridan, the best of the saddle-horses, 4,500f.; Marius, the Emperor's favourite charger, 3,500.; and last, and, strange to say, least, Langiewaez, a splendid horse given by the Czar of Russia to Napoleon. M. Thiers bought several of the lots. The rest of the stud, consisting of animals not specially associated with Royalty, fetched very low prices. It is expected that the Imperial carriages will be disposed of this week. Not half an hour's walk from the Louvre, across the Rue de Rivoli, and up the Rue Royale, a sale of effects of very different value, and belonging to a man almost as notable, took place a few days later. On the 31st August, at 107, Boulevard Malesherbes, were sold the furniture, the *objets d'art*, the books and the relics of Alexander Dumas, *pere*—Alexander the Great, as Thackeray so happily called him. There is something very real in the possession of the little ornaments and knicknacks which have belonged to a great man, especially to a great man of letters, and no one will be surprised to hear that large sums are given for articles of really inconsiderable value.—*Globe.*

Buildings of Remote Antiquity.—The Academy of Sciences has received a very curious communication from MM. Gorceix and Mamet on some buildings of the remotest antiquity, discovered in 1870, in the group of islands off Santorin. A similar event occurred in 1868. Those now described are the continuation of the former, and effected in the neighbourhood of the village of Akrotiri, situate at the south-eastern extremity of Phira, the chief island of the group. Two dwellings, situate forty yards apart from each other, have been brought to light a short distance from that hamlet. They were found to contain numerous implements made of obsidian, quite similar to those which characterise the age of stone; a large number of vases completely different from those pertaining to the Greek, Etruscan, or Phœnician periods, both as regards their form and their outer ornaments; utensils made of lava, hand-mill stones, mortars, troughs, &c.; and lastly, on the walls of some of these houses some fresco-paintings, executed on a ground entirely composed of lime. On a cliff about 1,000 yards from the ravine in which these habitations stand a vast building has been laid bare, having, like the former, its foundation on lava, and for roof a bed of tufaceous pumice-stone of the thickness of 20 yards and upwards, composed of alternate layers of puzzolana and sharp fragments of pumice. Here, besides the usual stone instruments, a saw was found, made of pure copper, without any admixture either of tin or zinc. The earthern vessels were of the same kind as those mentioned above. Several contained barley, peas, lentils, chopped straw, and other provisions, also seen in heaps on the floor in different parts of the building, together with bones of goats and sheep, the whole trunk of an olive tree, numerous fragments of wood of various kinds, and pieces of charcoal. From this evidence, and from the fact that a thick bed of vegetable mould may be traced at a considerable depth from the surface, it appears certain that this island was peopled long before the historical times by a civilised race, who who used weights and measure, had a system of numeration, knew how to construct arches, prepare lime, weave cloth, manufacture pottery, and prepare rich permanent colours. The whole of this thriving population must have been swept away by an immense volcanic convulsion, of which there is no other record than the tufaceous pumice-stone under which the dwellings lie buried.

Court and Fashionable News.

THE COURT.

THE QUEEN, who remains at Balmoral, has been indisposed during the week, and consequently there have been no movements to record. On one or two days the Queen has driven out with the Princess Beatrice for a short time but was unable to attend Divine service on Sunday or to join the circle at dinner.

The attendance at the Castle remains without change.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

THE royal mail steamship Camel, one of the Messrs. Burns's magnificent fleet, steamed into Inverary Bay on Friday afternoon, having on board a select party from Castle Wemyss, including the Messrs. Burns, Lord Shaftesbury, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, Sir Harry Parkes, Lord Lawrence, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, Ladies Victoria and Edith Ashley, etc. The Camel arrived for the purpose of conveying the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise to the Cumberland training-ship, in Roseneath Bay. After anchoring, most of the company went ashore and proceeded to Inverary Castle to pay their respects to the duke and duchess, etc., returning on board before dark. Earl Percy and Lord Colin Campbell joined the Messrs. Burns' company at dinner on board, and at ten o'clock the marquis and princess were accompanied to the ship, ample accommodation being provided, and special preparations made for the whole of the distinguished party sleeping on board. The Camel started at five o'clock on Saturday morning. The weather was very fine. The vessels in the Gareloch, including numerous yachts, were gay with bunting, while the Cumberland was dressed in a rainbow of flags from flying jib-boom to spanker-boom end. Large numbers of visitors arrived by special steamers from Greenock and Helensburgh.

On coming up the firth the Camel met her Majesty's ship Black Prince, which fired a royal salute; and a similar salute was given on passing Fort Matilda by the Greenock Artillery Volunteers. On the arrival of the Camel, and before the princess entered the Cumberland, a deputation, headed by Mr. Kinnaird, the president, proceeded on board the Camel, and presented the princess and the Marquis of Lorne with a family Bible, handsomely bound in morocco, having four ornamental corner pieces surrounding a monogram in white enamel, relieved with two delicate colours. The royal and Argyll arms occupy the centre of the front board. Interspersed through the volume are 72 choice photographs of the Holy Land, by Frith. The Scottish metrical version of the Psalms is appended to the volume. The Marquis of Lorne fittingly acknowledged the gift.

The party then proceeded on board the Cumberland, the yards and sides of which were manned by the boys; and the band of the 90th regiment played the National Anthem. The princess was received at the gangway by Captain Alston and Mr. Galbraith, the chairman of the executive committee. The upper deck of the ship was covered by an awning, lined with flags, the decorations being of a tasteful and effective character. In the cabin the princess was introduced to Mr. John Burns, president of the Cumberland Institution, and to the members of the executive committee. She afterwards proceeded along the deck and inspected the ship, returning to the poop, where arrangements had been made for the accommodation of the royal and distinguished visitors.

After a song from the boys, composed by Captain Alston, and some introductory remarks from Mr. Burns, the prizes were distributed by the princess, who pinned the medals on the breast of each boy who received one.

The Marquis of Lorne then gave a short address to the boys, stating that with the hearty good wishes with which Mr. Burns and Captain Alston followed their career the princess mingled her most earnest hopes for their future succes and prosperity.

Mr. Galbraith then presented to the princess an album containing the photographs of the Cumberland boys.

The Earl of Shaftesbury afterwards addressed the boys, remarking that the time might come when their services would be needed.

Captain Alston proposed a vote of thanks to the Duke of Argyll for his kindness in throwing open to the boys without restraint his neighbouring grounds of Roseneath.

The Duke of Argyll, in responding, said he was altogether ashamed of their thanks for so small a service. However, he hoped they would accept this service as at least an acknowledgment of his sense of the value and importance of the work in which these gentlemen were engaged who had the conduct of this institution. It was a work more valuable and more important than a great many of those in which they as politicians were engaged. It was by such institutions as the Cumberland training-ship, in redeeming the young from the deplorable condition in which many of them were found in cities like Glasgow, that they could contend with the frightful evils which were almost inseparable from our growth in wealth and population.

Lord Lawrence and Mr. Shaw Lefevre afterwards spoke.

The distinguished party then, amid repeated cheers and a royal salute from Fort Juliet, fired by the 1st Dumbartonshire Artillery Volunteers, left in the Camel for Wemyss Bay and Inverary, which they reached in the evening.

The marquis and princess on Friday visited a number of the tenants on the Inverary estate, especially those at Auchnagoul, where the noble lord introduced her royal highness to the farmers and their families.

It is rumoured that the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise will pay their promised visit to Kintyre to day (Saturday), but it is not yet generally known whether they will proceed direct by the yacht Columba to Machririoch House, Southend, where they are to stay, or land at Campbeltown, in the first instance, and afterwards drive to Machririoch. In the latter event, which is by far the most likely, and is the ardent wish of the inhabitants, it is contemplated that the Cambeltown authorities will meet the marquis and the princess at the quay, and, after presenting a loyal address, escort them to the bounds of the burgh. They will be there met by an imposing cavalcade, consisting of the tenantry on the Duke's Kintyre estates, and most of the landed gentry in the district, with their tenants, and will be escorted along the route to Machririoch. It has been arranged that the equestrians will appear, as far as possible, in one uniform suit, viz., blue coat, white vest, grey trousers, white gloves, and dress hat. The visit will extend over a number of days, and during the stay a grand ball will be given in the Town-hall, Campbeltown.

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

EARLY in the past month an address was presented to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts from the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland. A reply from her ladyship has just been received. Subjoined are copies of the documents:—

"TO THE RIGHT HON. THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

"Madam,—We beg to assure you that general as has been the satisfaction occasioned by the intelligence of your ladyship's accession to the peerage, none have received it with more lively gratification than the Polish exiles in this country and the association which has so often been honoured by the commission of distributing your bounty among them. These feelings are due not entirely to the sympathy you have constantly evinced for their misfortunes, and the liberality with which you have always been ready to relieve their distress, but also to the close relationship and friendship which existed between yourself and the noblest advocate of their cause in the English Parliament, as well as their truest and warmest friend—Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart. Let us be permitted to add, so far as it may be allowed for them and for us to express an opinion, that, by bringing to the peerage a name amongst the most ancient in the realm, rendered doubly illustrious by your father's chivalrous opposition to oppression in every form, and your own, well-earned reputation for discriminating benevolence, as well as a princely fortune administered with more than princely generosity, you have conferred on the high order to which you have been advanced an honour no less distinguished than that which you have received by being enrolled among its members.—We have the honour to be, madam, your most obedient servants,

(Signed) "KINNAIRD, President.
"HARROWBY,
"TOWNSHEND,
"HOUGHTON,
"SANDON,
} Vice-Presidents.
"W. LL. BIRKBECK, Hon. Secretary.
"CHARLES SZULCZEWSKI, Secretary.

"London, August 9, 1871."

"Holly Lodge, August 16.

"Gentlemen,—I need scarcely assure you that the address I had the honour to receive from your deputation on Wednesday last was warmly appreciated by me. The feelings, however, to which it spoke rendered it impossible for me to respond to its words in any adequate manner at the moment. Its friendly recognition of the peerage it has been the Queen's gracious pleasure to confer, its kindly expression of personal regard, were indeed similar to others I have received on this occasion either from kind friends and neighbours, or from that large body of workers, like myself, for common objects of social and national interest; but I cannot consider the address of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland purely as one of these. The feelings which prompted it will find their truest echo in a nationality, a language, and a creed not my own, and it is most truly a tribute to the head whose name co-joined in my title gives me my best claim to the interest which the association has taken in this event of my life. Feeble representative though I be of the services, eloquence, consistent devotion, and courage the association remembers so faithfully, yet I am not a wholly untrue one, for in sympathy I cede neither to my dear father, nor to that other near relative alluded to so touchingly in your address. It will ever be preserved by me with that beautiful medal struck on my cousin's death, one of which was given to me, as well as to his dear and gentle sister, who soon followed her brother to rest in Christ, and I would earnestly desire that this imperfect acknowledgment of grateful feeling for the proof given by this address of the respect and affection felt by the members of your association for their memory may find a place in the records of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland, to each and all of whose members I tender my individual thanks for their kindness on this occasion.—I am, gentlemen, yours faithfully, (Signed) "BURDETT-COUTTS.

"To the President, Vice-Presidents, and Council of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland."

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

COLONEL LORD WILLIAM SEYMOUR, brother of the Marquis of Hertford, was married on Thursday to the Hon. Eva Douglas Pennant, daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Penrhyn, of Penrhyn Castle, Bangor. The marriage took place at Llandegai Church, in which parish the noble castle is situated, and boundless enthusiasm was shown, not only by the residents of the beautiful "model village," but by crowds of all classes in life from Bangor and the surrounding neighbourhood. The village, which is well-known for its picturesque character, is occupied entirely by Lord Penrhyn's workmen. The ceremony commenced about half-past eleven o'clock, the church being insufficient to contain but very few beyond the wedding party, the tenants of the estate, and some of the parishioners. The bride entered the church, leaning on the arm of her noble father, and the service was at once proceeded with, the officiating clergymen being the Rev. W. Barton, rector of Wicken, Northamptonshire (one of his lordship's seats), and the Rev. W. Morgan, rector of Llandegai. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Louisa Douglas Pennant, the Hon. Mary Douglas Pennant, the Hon Gertrude Douglas Pennant, the Hon. Miss Wood, Lady Florence Seymour, and Miss Gore. The bridegroom's best man was Captain F. Seymour. The bride was attired in a dress of rich white silk, with Brussels point lace flounces, wreath, and veil. The bridesmaids also wore white silk tulle bonnets, marabout feathers, and heather. On leaving the church the happy pair were loudly cheered. The wedding *déjeuner* took place in the grand dining room of the castle. The visitors at the castle comprised the Marquis and Marchioness of Hertford, and the Ladies Florence and Georgina Seymour, Lady Seymour, Lady Maud Seymour, Mr. and Lady Ormsby Gore, Lord Hinchinbrook, Lord Sudeley, Colonel the Hon. Archibald and Mrs. Pennant, Colonel and Mrs. Hogg, the Hon. Miss Wood, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Cockran, Mr. Barton, Captain F. Seymour, Captain Digby, Colonel Smith, Miss Barton, Mr. Seymour, Miss Gore, Mr. Lewis Cockran, &c. A vast number of beautiful and valuable presents were made to the bride by her relations and friends; but perhaps the most gratifying presentations were those of a public character, testifying the esteem in which Lord Penrhyn and his family are held by all classes and all sects. The slate quarrymen of Bethesda gave a very handsome gold and diamond bracelet; and the inhabitants of Bangor a splendid diamond and pearl cross. Everywhere in the neighbourhood great rejoicings were held in honour of the event. The towns of Bethesda and Bangor were gaily decorated, cannon fired, children *fêted* and in the evening bonfires lighted in the mountains. The happy pair left the castle in the afternoon, amid a shower of slippers, for Glan Conway, near Bettws-y-coed (Lord Penrhyn's shooting-box), and will, in a few days, proceed to the Continent.

ON Thursday Miss Edith Gibson, granddaughter of Bishop Sumner, was married to the Rev. W. Durst, in Farnham Church, at the conclusion of the service for St. Bartholomew's day. The large family party had previously joined in the early celebration of the Holy Communion. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Sumner, uncle of the bride, Archdeacon Utterton and the Rev. J. Durst, brother of the bridegroom.

DESTROYING A WILL.

AT Cambridge, before the borough magistrates, Harriet Jarman and Edward Hart were brought up, charged with the fraudulent destruction of the will of one Abigail Hart. The deceased was an aged Bedeswoman, occupier of one of King's College Almshouses, and the accused, her son and daughter, were now charged at the instance of Charlotte Hart, their sister. Mr. James Lawrance, cook of King's College, deposed that some time about the middle of July last he went with Mr. William Peed, solicitor, to the dwelling of Mrs Hart. While they were there Mr. Peed produced a document, and asked Mrs. Hart if she knew what it was She said, "Yes;" and it having been read over to her she put her mark to it. (Mr. Peed is a member of the firm of the solicitors to the college.) Mr. Peed asked her if she understood how her effects were devised, and she said, "Yes." Had never stated to either of the prisoners or any one else that the will was good for nothing. Charlotte Hart stated that she had always waited on her mother, who said that in return she would will everything to her. Witness gave Mr. Peed instructions to draw a will to that effect, and she saw her mother put her mark to it in the presence of Mr. Peed and Mr. Lawrance. Witness put it in a box in the room. The deceased died on the 7th of August, and was buried on the 11th. After the funeral the party returned home, and when they had been there about two hours the prisoners began to ransack the rooms. Jarman forced open the box in which the will was, took out the will, and handed it to Hart, saying, "There is the will; I told you I could get it." He appeared to read part of the will, and then tore it into very small pieces. Witness picked up the pieces and threw them on the fire, thinking they were of no use. After the will was destroyed Jarman said witness should not have anything, as Edward (Hart) was the only son and heir to the whole. On the succeeding Wednesday evening both prisoners went to the house, and "kicked up a row," and on the next morning they stripped the house. Police-constable Muncey deposed that on apprehending Hart the latter said, "The paper I read was no will, Mr. Lawrance told me so. It was only made out to quiet the old woman." The female prisoner, on being taken, said, "It's all my sister's own fault; if she would have allowed us to have looked at it this would never have happened. I took a pair of scissors and broke the box open, took out the will, and gave it to my brother. He read a part of it, and then tore it in pieces, as Mr. Lawrance had stated it was good for nothing." Mr. William Peed deposed that he informed the deceased of the contents of the will, leaving all she had to her daughter Charlotte, the prosecutrix. Charlotte Hart was present. Read the will over to the deceased, and asked her if that was what she wished. The deceased said, "Yes," and then she made her mark in the presence of Mr. Lawrance and himself, and they both witnessed it. Left the document with Charlotte (the prosecutrix), who was appointed sole executrix. The will was only in a few lines. Charlotte Hart (the prosecutaix) said that after the funeral her sister (prisoner) asked her for the key of the box. Told her that the will was there, and that everything was left to her (witness), and that therefore she (prisoner) had no right to the key of the box. The female prisoner never said then that she wanted to look in the box for a ring that her mother had given her. The deceased, so far as witness knew, had never given the female prisoner the ring. The deceased gave witness the ring. On one occasion the witness had that ring on her finger in the presence of the female prisoner. Prisoner asked her to take it off, but she declined. The female prisoner broke open the box where the will was with a large pair of scissors. A discussion ensued as to whether the prisoners should be admitted to bail. Mr. Elliston, solicitor, who appeared for them, submitted that at least the female could not be held responsible for the act of her brother. It was intimated from the bench that that would be a matter for a jury to decide. Both prisoners would be committed for trial at the assizes. Eventually bail was accepted for the female prisoner, in two sureties of £50 each, and herself in £100. The male prisoner was committed in default. The real value of the property devised under the will amounts to only a few pounds, but it is stated for the prosecution, and held also by the magistrates, that the principle involved is one of importance.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF BRAZIL.—Their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Brazil arrived at Potsdam on the 25th ult., and were received by his Imperial Highness the Crown Prince, who, though he had only on the same morning returned from England with the Crown Princess and family, hastened to the railway station to welcome the illustrious visitors His imperial highness conducted the Emperor and Empress to the New Palace of Sans Souci, and, after they had partaken of a collation, accompanied them on a visit to the principal objects of interest in Potsdam. After driving through the fine park to Babelsberg, and thence to the Castle of Glienicke, where they were received by Princess Charles of Prussia, the distinguished guests returned by way of the Marble Palace to the City Castle, in which they examined with deep interest the chamber of Frederick the Great. His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince proceeded to give his guests some historical explanations, but could hardly suppress his surprise at the intimate acquaintance of Don Pedro II. with the history of Prussia. The next visit was to the garrison church, and to the vault beneath the pulpit, which contains the coffins of Frederick William I. and Frederick II. In Sans Souci the Emperor and Empress paid a visit to the Queen Dowager, and, after remaining some time in this interesting spot, drove back to the New Palace, where they were received by her Imperial Highness the Crown Princess. Dinner was served at two o'clock, after which their Brazilian Majesties were conducted by their imperial hosts to almost all the principal public institutions of Potsdam, after which the Emperor and Empress started by railway for Berlin. Prince Charles of Prussia was at the station to pay his respects to and take leave of the imperial visitors.

THE Government does not appear likely to carry their representative into Parliament at the Limerick election. About 500 persons waited at the railway terminus on Saturday to hiss Mr. Charles Barry, Attorney-General for Ireland, who is most unpopular amongst the Nationalist party on account of his having prosecuted the Fenian prisoners. During Mr. Toole's performance as Serjeant Buzfuz in Limerick on Saturday night, some one in the gallery cried out "Barry," which was the signal for a most violent demonstration against the Attorney-General. The nationalist party do not believe that Mr. Butt will be opposed. The *Limerick Chronicle* states on authority that Colonel Vereker will contest the city of Limerick on Conservative principles.

General Gleanings.

MR. SANTLEY will leave England for America on the 16th inst.

M. GOUNOD has just completed a new opera entitled *Polyeuite*.

IT is stated from Paris that Lord Lyons is going to take a fortnight's holiday.

SIR JAMES PENNITHORNE, F.I.B.A, died on the 1st inst., in his 70th year.

THE Princess of Schwarzenberg was received on Sunday by Madame Thiers.

THE death is announced of Karl Marx, the chief of the International Society.

THE New St. Thomas's Hospital will be ready for the reception of patients early this week.

THE Emperor William during his stay at Gastein inaugurated a new Protestant church.

AT Harrogate a magnificent set of baths, erected at a cost of £20,000, have been opened.

MR. DISRAELI has declined the invitation to the Cutlers' Feast at Sheffield on the ground of previous engagements.

LETTERS have been received from General Garibaldi, in which he states that his health continues to improve.

MARSHAL CANROBERT, it is said, has been appointed to the command of Bourges, which General Ducrot had declined.

ADMIRAL JAUREGUIBERRY, Maritime Prefect at Toulon, who lately sent in his resignation, has arrived at Versailles.

M. EDMOND DOLLFUS, the wealthy banker, is about to marry Miss Fatma Vergé, daughter of the General of that name.

THE rumour that the Marquis of Lorne is to be appointed Governor-General of India has received some confirmation.

THE analysis of the stomach of James Renforth has been completed. The analysts have failed to discover any traces of poison.

M. THIERS has sent his card to all the Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers in Paris. It bears simply the words, "President of the French Republic."

A MEETING of working men was held in Birmingham to express sympathy with the men who are on strike at Newcastle in connexion with the nine hours' movement.

THE Queen of the Belgians, accompanied by her brother, the Archduke Joseph, and the Archduchess Clotilda, made an excursion the other day to Lake Balaton.

FIELD-MARSHAL Sir John Fox Burgoyne, G.C.B., is, we are happy to say, somewhat better, and during the last few days has been gradually regaining strength.

MARSHAL BARAGUAY D'HILLIERS is at Bordeaux, General de Failly is at Versailles, the Duke of Persigny is at Roanne (Loire). The Duke of Montpensier has arrived in Paris.

MR. H. B. WOOLSEY, late cashier at Messrs. J. and J. Colman's, at Norwich, has been arrested on a charge of embezzling about £2,500. He was brought before the local magistrates on Monday.

THE French Minister of War has just ordered the manufacture of 36 batteries of mitrailleuses, Gatling's system. It is expected France will have 98 batteries of that formidable engine before the end of the year.

FROM Dresden it is reported that the King of Saxony will soon leave for Strasburg, and that he will afterwards visit the battle-fields of Sedan and Metz, and will inspect the Saxon division of the army of occupation.

IT is asserted that the Jesuits are bent upon quitting Rome as soon as the Italian Parliament enters that city. Prince Fortonia, the opulent banker, is to purchase all their properties, to prevent a confiscation.

THE first serious experiment of a steam omnibus was made on Monday in the streets of Paris. The locomotive carriage ran from the Château d'Eau to Vincennes within 42 minutes, drawing a coach with 32 passengers.

IT was rumoured in political circles during the week that Lord Spencer had resigned the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, that his resignation had been accepted, and that his successor will be the Marquis of Lansdowne.

IT is reported that a general strike is about to take place among the miners of the steam-coal district in Northumberland. The men at some of the collieries have given notice that they will leave work. The strike is for an advance of wages.

MR. AUGUSTUS SMITH and Mr. Jenkins are still actively canvassing the borough of Truro, but it is thought should a Conservative be started, Mr. Jenkins will retire rather than divide the Liberal ranks and risk the loss of the seat to his party.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.—Notwithstanding the contradiction of the report of the Emperor Napoleon's intended visit to Torquay, the journey is definitely arranged. The Emperor, accompanied by the Prince Imperial, will arrive on Saturday (this day).

THE dispute between Walker, Eaton, and Co., Sheffield, and their men has been arranged satisfactorily, so that the strike is ended. Five minutes' grace after six a.m. is to be allowed, but half an hour to be stopped from the time of every man not in the works by that time.

IT is stated that the Conservatives of South Essex have determined on contesting the seat with the Liberals at the next general election. Sir Arundel Neave, of the 3rd Dragoons, Dagnam, Romford, will probably be the gentleman selected to do battle with the sitting members.

A POLICE strike is threatened at Newcastle. A meeting of about eighty of the force was held on the Town Moor on Saturday to express discontent at the conduct of the chief constable, and if their grievances are not redressed they intend to resign in a body on Wednesday next.

A LARGE public meeting of the Nationalist party was held in Limerick on Monday night, when Mr. Butt, Q.C., was unanimously accepted as a candidate for the representation of the city. Colonel Vereker and Mr. Spaight having withdrawn, Mr. Butt will be elected without opposition.

THE Mayor of Rochester, Alderman Foord, has received from the Emperor Napoleon beautiful carte-de-visite portraits of his Majesty, the Empress Eugénie, and the Prince Imperial, with autographs, and an autograph note stating the present to be "souvenir de notre visite à Rochester."

THE chairman of the International Society in London has written to a French paper to say that all the manifestoes printed in Paris in the name of the society since the entry of the French troops are, without exception, forgeries. He is ready to make affidavit of this before an English magistrate.

THE *Universe* publishes the following prayer, which the Pope is said to offer up daily for France:—"O, Mary, conceived without sin, look down upon France: pray for France—oh, save France. The greater its guilt the greater its need of thy intercession. A single word to Jesus, reclining in thine arms, and France is saved. *O Jesus, obey Mary*, and save France!"

THE Syndicate of Bankers with whom the French Government arranged the last financial operation of ten millions sterling has offered to the Government another twenty in order to complete the second milliard of the indemnity payable to Germany. This new loan will be in drafts on London, Berlin, and Frankfort.

WE read in the *New York Times* of the 24th ult., that Abbé Miel (Charles Francis Bonaventura), who has held a distinguished position in Paris, has recently renounced his connexion with the Romish Church, and has been received into the Protestant Episcopal Church, and been assigned by Bishop Stevens, of Pennsylvania, to a French mission in Philadelphia.

WE learn from Egypt that the Viceroy is becoming more and more displeased with his American friends, and it is rumoured that they are all to be sent away with a gratuity of some months' pay. The Turkish officers are jealous of them, and Kâsim Pasha manages to pooh-pooh every improvement which they suggest. Mercha Warké, the Abyssinian envoy, is supposed to be still at Jiddah, awaiting instructions from Prince Kâsa.

AT the Dublin Police-court several persons arrested on Sunday night for stone throwing at the police when returning from the amnesty meeting in Phœnix Park were brought before the presiding magistrates. Some were remanded for further inquiries, but in two cases the offenders were sentenced to three months' imprisonment. In another case the prisoner was proved to have thrown an iron bar at a constable, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

THE death is announced of Mr. Thomas Ballantyne, which occurred a few days ago at his residence in Tufnell Park, Holloway, at the age of sixty-five. He was originally a weaver at Paisley, where he worked as a boy at the loom, but subsequently devoted himself to writing for the Press. He edited the *Statesman* on its first appearance some ten or twelve years ago; and he was subsequently for some years the editor and manager of the *Press* and *St. James's Chronicle*.

THE emigration from Alsace has lately assumed considerable proportions. The number of those who have fled from the German domination is 23,000. The voluntary enlistments of young men from that province in the French army amount to several thousands. A medal has just been given by the Minister of War, General de Cissey, to the soldiers of Alsace and Lorraine who remain in the service of France. It bears on the face a figure representing the Republic, and on the reverse the words "Aux Alsaciens-Lorraine, la France."

THE St. Petersburg journals give an account of the successful military operations recently carried out by the Russian troops against the Sultan of Koudja, in Central Asia. The movement began on the 6th May, and was completed by the 19th June. In that short interval the whole country was subdued and the Sultan made a prisoner. The Russian general celebrated his victory by a triumphal march into the capital of the province.

ON Tuesday night Lord Derby, in proposing the toast of the evening at the banquet of the Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Society, made a lengthy speech, in the course of which, after pointing out the advantages of agricultural societies to the country, he went on generally to consider the position of farming affairs in England, and expressed his opinion that out of English soil one-half was not yet obtained which might be if all our present appliances were brought to bear.

HIS Royal Highness Prince Arthur, who, after holding commissions in the Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery, is now serving as a captain in the Rifle Brigade at Aldershot, is expected to be absent from Woolwich about two years. His residence at Blackheath has been closed, the furniture warehoused, and his armoury and Canadian trophies sent for safe custody to the Royal Artillery Barracks at Woolwich. Immediately after the conclusion of the autumn campaign the prince will go to Dover with the Rifle Brigade.

THE *Scottish American Journal*, published in New York, suggests that the Marquis of Lorne should be appointed to the high office of Governor-General of Canada, as "Scotchmen abound in the Dominion, the Campbells are numerous, and the Marquis is sure to be popular." The *New York Herald* publishes a Canadian telegram stating that the Dominion Government has been informed that it is the intention of the Home Government to appoint the Marquis of Lorne to the post. The telegram adds that the Marquis and Princess are expected to arrive at Montreal early in October.

THE vicarage of Battersea is about to become vacant by the resignation of the Rev. J. S. Jenkinson, M.A. In 1831 Mr. Jenkinson was nominated by Earl Grey, who was then Prime Minister, to the Crown living of Sudbourne, Suffolk, but this he resigned in 1834 for the incumbency of St. Mary's in the Castle, Hastings. On the elevation of Dr. Eden (afterwards Lord Auckland) to the bishopric of Sodor and Man in 1847, the Crown, as usual in such cases, claimed the presentation to the vicarage of Battersea, and Lord John Russell, who was then Prime Minister, nominated Mr. Jenkinson. The living, which is worth £100 a year, now falls to the gift of the Earl Spencer, to whose family it has from time immemorial belonged.

WE (*John Bull*) understand that the legal proceedings which threatened the vicar of Hillingdon will not now take place. Three aggrieved parishioners had complained to the Bishop of London that the Rev. J. H. Thomas had offended by consecrating the Holy Communion standing at the west side of the holy table; and the bishop, in consistency with his already published circular to his clergy, ordered Mr. Thomas to obey the law laid down by the judges of Mr. Purchas, and consecrate in future at the north side. Mr. Thomas, with the assurance of sincere regret that he could not obey the bishop, represented that he could not conscientiously deviate from the course he had constantly pursued, and submitted that the Purchas decision being one which, in the opinion of counsel, affected Mr. Purchas, and him alone did not constitute law; that the Mackonochie decision confirmed the legality of the eastward position of the celebrant, and that he was prepared to defend his conduct in any suit which might be instituted against him. It would appear that the bishop recognises the validity of Mr. Thomas's reply, since he abstains from himself originating proceedings; and the three aggrieved parishioners seem to share the bishop's opinion, since they also decline instituting proceedings.

ABOUT 20 miles from the Healing Springs, in the Alleghany mountains, there lives a most remarkable woman. Her name is Morrison, but she is known all through the country as "Miss Jennie Rucker." She is about 60 years of age, has her hair bobbed like a man's, wears a man's hat, and rides a horse astride. Hunting is her means of livelihood, and she kills deer, bear, and other game with the skill of 40 years' experience. Not long since she wounded a deer, but before coming up with it another hunter, a man, had gotten to it and commenced carving it up. The old lady expostulated, with no avail, and finally drew a bead on him with a rifle to enforce her "rights." The fellow jumped behind a tree, but left his heel exposed, at which vulnerable spot the old lady fired and hit. She got her deer. She has nine or ten children, and is said to treat all travellers hospitably who stop at her cabin.

A VERY shocking accident occurred on Saturday afternoon at Skelmersdale, near Ormskirk. A lady named Philipson, the wife of Mr. William Philipson, of Skelmersdale, had been to Ormskirk, and returned by the noon train. When about 100 yards from the Blaguegate Railway Station she perceived a thrashing machine at work in the field belonging to Mr. Dewhurst, of Ormskirk. She went to the field for the purpose of examining the machine, and after having watched it work for a considerable time, she went to the top of the machine, but she had not been there long before she accidentally fell into its mouth, and the consequence was that, before the men who were standing near could extricate her, the drum in its revolutions cut out off her leg above the knee. The unfortunate lady was conveyed home, and medical assistance was procured. She lies in a dangerous condition.

MARRYING UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.—At the Thames Police-court, Samuel Moss, 20, was brought up on remand, charged with making a false declaration of his age and the age of Elizabeth Fry, to whom he was married at Stepney Church on Sunday, the 2nd July last. Since the last examination the learned counsel for the prosecution has taken out two summonses against the young men who signed the register-book of marriages in false names in Stepney Church, and Mr. Louis Lewis has taken out one summons against Elizabeth Fry, the wife of Samuel Moss, and he contended that she was as much to blame as her husband, and that she signed the name of Bloomer Fry in the register-book, her real name being Elizabeth Fry. Confirmatory evidence was given of the false declaration made by Samuel Moss, who in giving notice of the publication of the banns to Mrs. Price, the wife of the parish clerk of Stepney, said his own age was 21, and the age of the bride 20. Mr. Philip Fry, pawnbroker, of No. 2, Crown-street, Soho, the father of the girl, said she was only 17 years of age. He was strongly opposed to the solemnisation of the marriage, and should move the Court of Divorce to dissolve it. Mr. Paget committed the young man, Samuel Moss, for trial, and on the application of Mr. Louis Lewis, consented to take bail for his appearance at the sessions, himself in £50, and two sureties of £25 each. The two young men who were summoned for signing false names in the register-book of marriages were discharged, Mr. Fry consenting to withdraw the summonses against them. The last charge was against Elizabeth Fry, otherwise Moss, who was charged with making a false declaration. She signed the register-book "Bloomer Fry," and her father said she was as often called Bloomer as Elizabeth. Mr. Louis Lewis described her as a very wicked girl, and said the marriage was concocted by her, and that she was equally culpable as her husband. He put in and read portions of letters she had addressed to her husband. She called him "her dearest husband," "her darling," and, quoting the words of a music-hall popular song, said, "I wish the opera was over; don't you, dear, wish the same thing?" The reading of the letters caused great amusement in a court which was crowded with persons of the Jewish persuasion, to which the parties belong. Mr. F. H. Lewis said the girl had nothing to do with the publication of banns, or making a false declaration, and that all she did was signing the name of Bloomer Fry, by which she was as well known as her real name. The marriage was never consummated, and the girl had been at home since it was solemnised. Mr. Paget took the bail of the girl's father for her appearance at the sessions to answer the charge.

A SHIP ON FIRE.—GALLANT RESCUE.—It is to be feared that the list of casualties caused by the late gale is not yet exhausted. To those already reported is now to be added the loss of the schooner Petrel, of Thurso, the crew of which were landed at Dunbar on Wednesday forenoon by the fishing smack Edouard Auguste, No. 44, of Ostend, Louis Vantomme, master, and six of a crew. Donald Brander, the master of the lost vessel, reports that the Petrel left Sunderland on Tuesday for Thurso, with a cargo of lime-shell. All went well until Thursday night, when the vessel was caught in the gale about 20 miles to the north of Kinnaird's Head, and blown right out to sea. About midnight the heavy seas which were continually breaking over the vessel ignited the cargo, and set the schooner on fire. To add to the distress of the crew, the small boat had been stove in by the violence of the storm, and was made quite useless. During Friday the gale continued to blow with great violence, and the vessel to burn, and nothing was left for the crew but to remain in the doomed ship. During the height of the storm on Friday a brig was sighted, and signals of distress made, but such was the violence of the gale and the fury of the sea that the brig was driven helplessly before them, and could render the schooner no assistance. Friday night was passed in the burning vessel, the crew expecting every moment to fall victims either to the sea or the flames. On Saturday morning, however, the storm abated somewhat, and the perilous position of the crew was observed by the smack Edouard Auguste. The smack bore down upon the vessel, and though there was still a tremendous sea running, the master, Vantomme, put off with several men, and succeeded, after great difficulty, in rescuing the whole of the crew of the Petrel. The Petrel's crew are somewhat scalded about the legs and arms, but not seriously, and have lost all except the clothes they wore. They were treated with great kindness on board the Belgian smack. The cabin was given up for their use, and everything possible done to promote their comfort and convenience. The smack had been seven weeks out, and was short of provisions, and, after getting the crew on board, sail was made for the mouth of the Firth, where, as has been already stated, the crew, four in number, were landed at Dunbar, on Wednesday. The Petrel, which belonged to Mr. Robert Miller, Thurso, was left burning off the Dogger Bank. In compliance with the regulations in force regarding foreign vessels, the smack was inspected by Dr. Dunlop and Inspector Moir, the medical and sanitary officers for the port, and found entitled to a clean bill of health. Messrs. Barclay and Co., Belgian consuls, took charge of the smack, and the crew of the Petrel were forwarded to their homes by Mr. Jaffray, banker, agent for the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society. This is the second time that Vantomme has rescued a crew from a similar position, and his services will doubtless not go unrewarded.

A PRETENDED MESSIAH.—EXTRAORDINARY DISCLOSURES.

(From the *Melbourne Daily Age* of June 19.)

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been raised in Nunawading, Oakleigh, and that neighbourhood during the last few days by revelations made as to the impostures practised by one Fisher, a charcoal burner, in Nunawading, who claims to be the Messiah. One of his dupes, named Andrew Wilson, has charged him with obtaining money by false pretences, and the case was on the list for hearing at the Oakleigh Court of Petty Sessions on Saturday last. The court is held at half-past two in the afternoon, and Mr. Templeton presided on Saturday. The list of cases before Fisher's, proved, however, so lengthy that it was not exhausted until half-past four, and Fisher's case was accordingly postponed to that day three weeks, this being the next sitting of the court.

The following is a statement made to our reporter on Saturday evening by Wilson, in presence of his wife and a number of his acquaintances:—

"I am a member of the Wesleyan body, and one of those who look for the coming of the Messiah again as a man, and not in the clouds. For ten years or so past the claims of Fisher to be the Messiah have been talked of in Nunawading, and about six years ago I was led to communicate with him, with a view of ascertaining whether he was really the Messiah. Shortly after I came in contact with him I saw enough to convince me he was the Messiah. I now look upon him as a rank impostor, but he was certainly very lucky in the prophecies by which he obtained his present ascendancy over the minds of many people. There are considerably more than 100 who believe in him implicitly—most of them residing in Nunawading, although there are some in Prahran, Ballarat, and other places. He calls himself the Son of God, Jesus Christ, and they all believe that he is. He says he will never die, and that none of those who believe in him will ever die, nor their wives and families, provided they are stanch in their belief. He does not mean only that their souls will never die, but that they will never die on this earth. All who follow him believe this, and that the millennium has commenced, during which the saints are to live until they are translated. When I came to have faith in him I believed that I would never die, nor my wife, nor any of my family. Once a child of mine fell ill. Fisher said, 'The child cannot die, Wilson. Only believe.' Then he came to my house, poured some wine over the child's face, and prayed. The child did get well, and that made my belief stronger than ever. However, Fisher's mother-in-law died, and this set people inquiring. Fisher said it was a judgment on her sent direct from him, and that he had struck her with the paralytic stroke which killed her. I asked him, why? and he said, 'She is gone the way of Ananias and Sapphira. She told me she had no money, but I knew she had, and after she died £100 was found secreted in the house.' Fisher said once that a certain man who had scoffed at him would be struck in a mysterious manner within a year or two. Strange to say, the man went insane afterwards, and was sent to the Yarra Bend. Once I had two cases in the county court. Fisher told me I could not possibly lose them, for he would influence the mind of the judge with his power. Sure enough I won both the cases. Afterwards Fisher came to me and said, 'Wilson, I told you how it would be. When you thought Judge Pohlman was speaking it was me. I entered into his spirit, and spoke through him.' All these things made me believe most implicitly. Fisher looked upon me as one of the faithfulest among his disciples, and indeed I had not a particle of doubt. He let me more and more into the secrets of the religion. Milk, he said, was for babes, and strong meat for men. While men who were yet young in the faith were only allowed one wife, those who were more advanced might have several. Fisher himself lives with three women, who are sisters, and their father is one of his devoutest believers. There is a fourth sister who is married. Fisher says he is bound to have her too, and that her husband will die when he wills it. When I became a regular member of the church, Fisher hinted that I would have to show my faith by giving him something. I gave him £10 once, and for a considerable time paid him £1 a month. Altogether he has had about £35 out of me, and it is on account of this that I proceed against him for false pretences. Now, I will tell you some of the things which began to shake my faith in him. He met a man one day in St. Kilda, I think it was, and this man said he had come from Denmark, as a representative of the great lodge of the Freemasons, to offer Fisher their allegiance as the true Messiah. He told Fisher that all the Freemasons would soon believe in him, and showed him a piece of parchment inscribed with strange characters as the credentials from the great lodge in Denmark. Fisher was taken in by this. The man told him that he would have to prepare garments of one pattern for his apostles, and Fisher did have them prepared. Afterwards he met the man, and asked when the time would come. The man burst out laughing in his face, and said, 'That shows what an imposter you are. If you were Jesus Christ you would know that I had been gammoning you.' All this came out somehow, and I could not help wondering, among others, how it was that Fisher did not know it was a hoax. He was not in the least disturbed by the discovery, and said it was a trick of the devil, who, however, had but a short time. Another thing that shook my faith was the death of one of my children. It was taken ill, but Fisher came and prayed as usual. Early in the evening the child died. Fisher said he would try and bring the spirit back, and he would not give the case up any way until nine o'clock. All his praying and waving his hands was without avail. Then he turned round and said that the child was struck for my sins. I said, 'Tell me what for.' 'Well, I will,' he replied. 'You have been praying to God to know whether I am the true Messiah; my Father is displeased at your want of faith.' I said, 'I could not see any harm in asking whether you were the Messiah.' And he said then, 'It was a great wrong to do me, and a sin, for which you have been justly punished. I am glad now that the child did die.' I turned this over in my mind after, and it did make me doubt a little. Another time he came and said to me. 'Wilson, you are sound in the faith but your wife is not; the spirit tells me so.' I replied that I was sorry for that, and he then said, 'Strive to make her love me; the more you all love me the better my Father is pleased.' I did talk in a kindly manner to my wife, telling her to be faithful to the belief in the Messiah, but I got to doubt more and more after that myself. One day I said to my wife, 'I will tell you what Fisher said to me about you some time ago. It was that, although I am strong in the faith, you were weak, and that I ought to persuade you to love him.' 'Why,' said she, 'that is just the opposite of what he has said to me. He tells me that I am strong, and you are weak, but that I must love him more and more, and he will intercede for you continually.' Well, that conversation just showed me what the man was. I said to my wife that I believed Fisher was nothing but a rogue; and she came to the same conclusion. For a long time after that I attended his meetings, and pretended to believe in him stronger than ever; but it was only that I might expose him. I can tell all about his villany, and I will. There are others, too, who have seen through him. Before cutting myself away from the connection I openly denounced him in the chapel, at his house in Nunawading. I called him an impostor. He said he was quite willing to submit the question to the Church of the First-born, but the matter could not come on till the next quarterly meeting, which would be about three months afterwards. I called out for a decision at once, but they were all against me, and I waited. The time came round, and I went to the chapel with my two sons. I found Fisher there, with six or eight men, who were with him in court to-day. He told me that these men would have to decide on the case, because they were apostles. 'I said, 'No I want to meet all the members of the Church.' 'That cannot be,' he replied. I went before the six or eight, nobody being allowed in with me. I put it that I lost my faith in him, and gave the reasons. Fisher got up and said, 'I know what has made him waver. The spirit tells me that he has joined the Orangemen, and taken the oath of allegiance to Queen Victoria. No man can hold allegiance to an earthly prince and to me at the same time.' It was a fact that I joined the Orangemen, but I know how Fisher found it out. It was through a relative of his that I saw at the lodge when I went there. The meeting at the chapel came to nothing, except that Fisher's party all affirmed their unshaken belief. Afterwards I learned that they expelled me from the church, one only of the 'apostles' voting in my favour."

At the Barkly Hall, on the White Horse-road, Nunawading, Mr. Bignell, formerly connected with the sect of Fisher, the Nunawading Messiah, delivered a lecture on Tuesday, exposing the doctrines taught by the impostor. Mr. Sutton took the chair.

Mr. Bignell said—Having regard to the vicious effect which Fisher's doctrines may exercise on the youth of Nunawading, I have determined to come forward and expose them, which I can, perhaps, do better than any other man, having lived with Fisher for two years. Fisher says he is immortal, and all his disciples. The millennium has commenced, and every one of his believers has within him the spirit of some righteous man long dead, all biblical characters. Fisher declares that he himself has the spirit of David, as well as that of Jesus Christ. Because he is David, he can have a number of wives, since we are told that David was a man after God's own heart, and David had a large number of wives and concubines. Fisher urges this as his justification, and also points out that Solomon and many other good men in Scripture were allowed numerous wives. The Lord never said that these men must confine themselves to one wife. Now about the Scriptural names given to us all. First, I may say that I was called Absalom, and this will show the deep cunning of Fisher. He made a favoured apostle of me, but he took care, as I now perceive, to reserve a loophole for himself in case I turned against him. He had some doubts about me, that is apparent. When I got the name of Absalom, I pointed out that there was a little awkwardness attached to it, inasmuch as Absalom turned against his father David. "Oh," said Fisher, "you are going to have another chance. God does not will that you shall fall away a second time." Of course Fisher goes now and tells everybody, "I called him Absalom, and Absalom he has proved himself to be, in turning against his father David." That will show you the depth of the man. Well, to go on with his Scripture naming. His father-in-law he called Abraham, and that is the name the old man goes by among them. There is a little misconception about the women with whom Fisher lives which I may correct. One of the three is his wife. Her name, as he has re-christened her, is Truth. One of the other sisters is another man's wife, but has left her husband. Fisher calls her Justice. The third sister is unmarried, and Fisher calls her Prudence. The fourth sister, that he declares he is bound to have, is christened Meekness. Fisher wants her to make up the four, and says he must have Truth, Justice, Prudence, and Meekness in his household.

SUICIDE OF MR. WALTER MONTGOMERY.

THE distressing suicide of this accomplished actor, only three days after his marriage, full details of which shocking event will be found in the subjoined report of the inquest, will be viewed with deep sorrow by all members of the theatrical profession and by very many of the general public. Mr. Montgomery, in his early youth was in a shawl manufactory at Norwich, and inspired solely by love of the art he afterwards so much adorned, he quitted a highly remunerative post thereat to commence his career on the stage, performing at Norwich, Yarmouth, Bristol, Bath, and other provincial towns, going to Birmingham in 1854, and thence to the Theatre Royal, Manchester, where he became a great favourite. He made his first appearance in London at the Princess's in Othello, and afterwards played Romeo to the Juliet of Mdlle. Stella Colas. He then went to Drury Lane as juvenile tragedian, playing there with great success, among other parts *Hamlet*, *Falconbridge*, *Hotspur*, *Claude Melnotte*, &c., at a time when the company numbered actors like Phelps, Ryder, and W. Lacey, and in 1865 he opened the Nottingham Theatre. His most recent tours have been in Australia, where he established a high reputation. Only a few weeks ago, fired with ambition, he determined to use his utmost endeavours to attract the public to the legitimate drama, and with that view, at the worst possible period of the year, opened the Gaiety, where, if he failed to make money, he at least increased his reputation, and now just on the eve of his departure to seek fresh laurels across the Atlantic, this terrible event has taken place. Mr. Montgomery was not only a most accomplished member of the theatrical profession but in private life a most amiable and estimable man; and all who knew him will deplore the melancholy termination of his career.

On Saturday last Mr. W. Langham, the deputy Westminster coroner, held an inquest at Shelley's Hotel, Stafford-street, upon the body of Mr. Walter Montgomery, who had committed suicide the previous evening. Mr. Henry Melton, of 184, Princes-street, said: I have known the deceased for some years, he was an actor, and resided at the time of his death at No. 2, Stafford-street, Bond-street. His age was 44. I saw the deceased on Wednesday last on the occasion of his marriage. He appeared very well in health and spirits at that time. Nothing that I know of was likely to depress him, or induce him to commit suicide. He had made arrangements to sail to America with his wife on the 7th inst., and their passage out had been paid. I believe his brain must have been overtaxed, or he would never have committed the dreadful act, and I can safely say that the application he has gone through of late years would have been hard study for six men.—Mrs. Montgomery was next called, and the scene in court was of a very painful description, the poor lady frequently breaking down in her evidence, and sobbing bitterly. She stated as follows:—At 10·45 on Friday evening my husband was in the bed-room, and I in the sitting-room adjoining. He told me he was looking for some clothing. He has been ill and depressed in spirits for the past six weeks, but more especially during the last two days. He has never (to me or anyone else, I believe) said he would commit suicide, but of en mentioned when depressed that he was afraid of what might be his end. I know of no cause which could have induced him to destroy himself. He was exceedingly ill on Thursday morning, but cheered up at 12 o'clock on Friday morning, and appeared better than I have seen him for some time. Whilst he was getting his clothing on Friday night I suddenly heard him say, "Lillie, dear, good bye. God bless you, I'm gone, I'm gone," and immediately afterwards the report of a pistol rang through the house. (The witness was so overcome at this point that she sank back in her chair sobbing violently.) I never knew he had a pistol before then, and never saw one in his possession. I screamed for assistance, and Mrs. Shore came, and we went into the bed-room and found him lying on the ground dead. I feel sure that he was of unsound mind.—Mr. Shelley, the proprietor of the hotel, said: I was standing at my parlour door on Friday night when I heard the report of a pistol, and a moment afterwards I was told of this sad occurrence, and requested to go up-stairs. I found the deceased lying in his bed-room on his side, between the bed and the dressing-table. I raised him up so as to allow him to breathe, in case he was still alive, but he was quite dead. I immediately told Mrs. Montgomery that her husband was dead, and she screamed violently and fainted. —Mr. Henry Harding, of Grafton-street, M.D., M.R.C.P., stated: I was called at 11 o'clock on Friday night to see the deceased at this hotel. He was quite dead. A *post mortem* examination has been made by me to-day, and I find that the bullet (produced) took an oblique direction. Death must have been instantaneous.—Mr. John Henry Stringer said: I was manager to the deceased, and accompanied him on his recent tour to Australia. I saw him at Teddington yesterday, and he was then in very good spirits, but much excited. I know he had had serious losses, but I am certainly of opinion that those losses had nothing to do with the rash act which has deprived me of a valued friend. He had plenty of money to meet every claim. I certainly think he was of unsound mind. The marriage was a happy one.—The Coroner having summed up at considerable length, the jury returned a verdict of "Suicide whilst of unsound mind."

The funeral took place at Brompton Cemetery, on Tuesday afternoon. Only two mourning coaches followed the hearse, but the attendance of members of the theatrical profession was tolerably large. Among American actors present were Messrs. Dan Leeson, H. Wall, J. H. Allen, and Mr. H. Palmer, manager of Niblo's Gardens. The English stage was represented by Messrs. T. C. King, Fernandez, George Jordan, Walter Joyce, H. Vincent, Brittain Wright, G. Shore, Lilly, L. Fredericks, J. Royston, and E. Atkins. Miss Woolgar, and also Miss Cleveland, who had played with the deceased in some of his Australian engagements, attended to pay the last tribute of friendship to the dead. After service in the church of the cemetery, the remains were lowered into a grave beside that of T. P. Cooke; and Mrs. Montgomery, wife and widow in the same week, knelt over it and dropped the wreath of orange blossoms she had worn at the altar over the coffin. The scene was very touching, and more than one stranger was moved to tears. The pall-bearers were Mr. Melton, of Regent-street; Mr. Frederick Ledger, of the *Era*; Mr. Stringer, agent to the deceased; and his younger brother.

DANGER TO SEA BATHERS.

THE following letters have appeared in a daily contemporary, addressed to the Editor:—

"Sir,—Allow one of your constant readers to direct your attention to the daily and fatal accidents that happen to boating men and swimmers venturing by thousands on the water, and unconscious of the great dangers that threaten their lives. I counted 107 deaths during the last ten days, and many ladies and boys among the victims. Boats capsize often in the surf, or because ill managed or overcrowded; swimmers of skill often venture too far, and are drowned. Now, we have an inspector general of steamers to secure a good working of the engines: why not appoint an inspector to oblige watermen, who let all sorts of boats to the first comer, to secure and adopt some existing means to prevent capsizing, to give more power of floating to boats, to attach buoys to each craft? There are buoys in cork, indiarubber inflated; there is the Nautilus, made of iron coils, covered with oilcloth, and capable of supporting three persons on water, though it does not weigh three pounds itself, and other appropriate means of saving life. But an inspector is wanted.—Yours devotedly, DE LIANCOURT.

"Sir,—I think the necessity should be urged upon the authorities at Ramsgate, and other watering-places, providing means of affording assistance to persons while bathing. It is a matter of surprise to many visitors to the place named above, to find that there is only one boat, with one man in it, to guard the bathers from something like 120 machines. I would also urge the great importance of establishing warm baths within a convenient distance of the sands, as used to be the case, and proved of so much benefit in cases of drowning, but now there are none to be procured without walking a distance of nearly half a mile. But the things which need the most careful study with a view to their improvement are the bathing dresses used by the ladies, as in nine cases out of ten they are treble the size of the wearers. They get inflated with water, become weighty, and against a strong tide are liable to exhaust the very best swimmer. To this latter fault may be attributed in a great measure the distressing scene witnessed at Ramsgate last Friday. —I am, Sir, your obedient servant, F. W. A.

SAFETY FOR SEASIDE BATHERS.—The terribly frequent and fatal accidents attending sea-bathing this year ought not to pass without a serious effort to arrest so distressing a loss of life in the future. We cannot think that all is done that ought to be done for the security of bathers when a rickety tub on wheels is pushed down to the edge of the surf, and inexperienced bathers are left to the mercy of the undertow and to the accidental exploration of deep pools or dangerous currents. Granting that most of these accidents are due to rashness or inexperience of the bathers, measures ought to be taken by the local authorities to save bathers from the fatal consequence of error in enjoying the healthful exercise which tempts thousands to the seaside towns, and in many instances constitutes the chief sources of prosperity to those towns. We believe that the local authorities of these towns would find it a proper and useful advertisement, if they could announce that one or more boats were stationed off the bathing-places, with proper means of rendering assistance, if required by accident; and in every place full directions should be prominently posted at the bathing stations, warning bathers, experienced and inexperienced, of the precautions useful to adopt, the course proper to pursue, and the special sources of accident to be avoided. Such a boat and such directions are always to be found on the Serpentine during bathing hours, and have been the means of saving many lives which would otherwise have been sacrificed.—*British Medical Journal.*

THE CANADIAN OIL WELLS.

MANY volumes might be written on the romance of trade, but the most interesting and most startling chapter would certainly be the one relating to the extraordinary discovery of petroleum oil wells. Every reader can recall wonderful stories of the suddenly accumulated wealth of the oil aristocracy of Pennsylvania, but probably nothing has yet been written which nearly approaches the truth. Nothing, indeed, was more common a few years ago than for a Pennsylvanian farmer to wake in the morning the possessor of fifty acres of land worth a dollar an acre, and before night to have refused a thousand times the price. The growth of the trade is itself most extraordinary. Fifteen years ago the entire demands did not amount to one hundred gallons. Last year the United States, in addition to their home consumption, exported 141,000,000 gallons. This springing up of wealth and light from the bowels of the earth was at one time prophesied to be the precursor and the cause of England's decadence, but the United States no longer enjoy the monopoly of this natural product, for in our own territory, in some of the most accessible and most fertile districts of Canada, wells have been discovered more prolific than any in Pennsylvania, and now that English capital through the means of the "Canadian Oil Works Corporation" is about to develop thoroughly the best of them, it is by no means improbable that every small shareholder will be able to rise if not in vulgarity, at least in wealth with their forerunners in the States. There is, indeed, practically no limit to the profits that may be expected from these wells, and we are glad to see that the undertaking is directed by men of such eminence and probity as the Right Hon. W. N. Massey, Messrs. Torrens and Eastwick, Sir John Hay, and others of equal reputation.

THE *Bien Public* affirms that the payment of the third half milliard to the Germans was completed on Wednesday.

A SPIRITIST authority asserts with confidence, but without mentioning his data, "that about one-third of the population of Great Britain is susceptible to spirit influence; or, in other words, nine millions of the inhabitants of Great Britain are mediums of more or less power."

WE are (says the *Civilian*) informed that the reduction of the pay and prospects, and the introduction of some exceedingly severe and arbitrary rules regulating the treatment of writers in the public departments, are having an injurious effect upon the class of persons seeking admission as such into the civil service. Several of the writers recently appointed have been found very inefficient, and it is only in the most bungling and unsatisfactory manner that they are able to perform the simplest duties entrusted to them.

MARSHAL BAZAINE.—The *Echo du Nord*, alluding to a report that Marshal Bazaine was about to return to reside in Paris, says that he is now in Switzerland and all his proceedings evidence the intention of remaining there for some time. He is aware that he must be tried by a court-martial in consequence of having signed a capitulation, and he has decided upon not returning to France for the present. It is further stated that he has been called upon to give evidence next week before the commission of inquiry into the acts of the Government of National Defence. Gambetta is to give evidence, it is said, on the 7th inst.

MENTAL GROWTH.—I would have every man of close occupation make it a sacred duty to keep up a living knowledge of, and interest in, some pursuit, science, art, or craft, outside the circle of his daily task. Thereby he will keep his mental faculties in fair play upon their appointed objects, and lay up for himself a pursuit and an education which will occupy nobly and happily the autumn of life. What men want is something to carry on their education till they die, something which will continually draw them out to fresh observation, fresh reflection, fresh acquisition, with ever stronger and riper power. Clip a bit from your daily earnings rather than from your daily study. The pay, and even the strain of the faculties—the various faculties of body, and mind, and spirit, in wise proportions and alterations—is the true human joy. Plenty to think of, plenty to observe, plenty to pursue, plenty to delight in, plenty to help, plenty to love, these make the gladness and the riches of the being.—*Baldwin Brown.*

MR. E. L. ELLIOTT, *the well-known Draper at* 334, *Bethnal-green-road*, writes, July 6, 1869: "I found your Pain Killer in universal use in California, particularly for diarrhœa, dysentery, &c., and I never knew it fail to give relief. On one occasion, working in the mines, I tore nearly all the flesh from one of my fingers. I wrapped it up as well as I could in a cloth saturated with your Pain Killer, and was able to resume my work in three days afterwards.—To Perry Davis & Son, London."

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

TO COOK ASPARAGUS (*excellent*).—Wash clean, but do not leave it in water. Cut off all of the white ends that are woody and tough, and when ready to boil tie up the stalks in a neat bunch, lay them in the saucepan, and sprinkle over as much salt as is needed to season, then just cover the bunch, or bunches, with boiling water. Cook twenty minutes. When done, take the asparagus out, and with a sharp knife cut off any part that has not cooked tender and throw away. Then cut the stalks up into pieces half an inch long, and put it back into the saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of butter to one good-sized bunch, a little pepper, one cup of good cream, and enough finely rolled bread crumbs to thicken it a little, say two tablespoonfuls, only even full. If there is enough water left after boiling to make the dish too liquid, pour off part of it before returning the asparagus, cream, and bread crumbs to the saucepan. Let it all boil up for two or three minutes, then dish and send to the table hot.

MACCARONI.—Boil a quarter of a pound of maccaroni in clear water till tender. While boiling, thicken half a pint of boiling milk with enough flour to make it as stiff as thick cream; add half a tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of cream; half a small teaspoonful of mustard, a little pepper (white if you have it, if not, black will answer), a little salt, and a very little cayenne pepper. Stir into this a quarter of a pound of grated cheese. Boil this all together a few moments, stirring it constantly to prevent its burning, then drain the water from the maccaroni, and stir it into thickened milk, let it boil up a few moments and serve hot, or if preferred after dishing it, set the dish in the oven and let it brown. For variety, a little parsley chopped fine and stirred in before adding the maccaroni is considered an improvement.

Another very good way to prepare maccaroni is: boil it fifteen or twenty minutes in clear water, then drain it and use chicken or veal broth instead of milk for the seasoning.

Another:—Prepare as above or with milk, and just before it is done beat up two eggs and stir in.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Peel and slice good, firm, but ripe tomatoes, put them in a pudding dish, season with pepper, salt, two greatspoonfuls of sugar to a quart of tomatoes, and one spoonful of butter. Sprinkle some finely powdered bread crumbs over the top, and bake slowly two hours. To add two well-beaten eggs is thought by some to improve this dish.

TITYRUS IN URBE.

MAY-Fair, thine enchantment is over;
The knockers hang mute at thy doors.
Amaryllis has flown (*viâ* Dover)—
Alexis has left for the moors.
And the squares in our dullest of cities
Re-echo the notes of my lay,
As I pipe Metropolitan ditties,
And strive to be jocund and gay.

But Hampstead and Highgate are hilly,
And Clapham though dull is discreet:
And, whatever you say, Piccadilly
Is not at all bad as a street.
I can stray by the Parliament Houses,
Or muse from the dawn till the dark
On the innocent mutton that browses
All day in the neighbouring park.

I can lounge in the haunts of the fashion
As oft and as long as I please;
Giving scope to my favourite passion
For water, for plants, and for trees.
And, if Nature's complete panorama
Due solace should fail to impart,
I can flee to the shine of the Drama,
To purchase a refuge in Art.

Still I mourn for the close of the season,
I sigh for the friends that have flown:
Though I can't give a definite reason,
Except that I'm lonely alone.
Come again, my adored Amaryllis
(In other words EMILY JANE);—
With your sister, MISS FLORRY (that's Phyllis)—
Come back to poor London again.—*Fun.*

A New York merchant lately received a package labelled "1 box Tom Cats." It took him some time to decipher the fact that the inscription meant a box of tomato catsup.

A hardy seaman, who had escaped one of the recent shipwrecks upon our coast, was asked by a good lady how he felt when the waves broke over him. He replied, "Wet, ma'am—very wet."

THE COMIC EXCHANGE COLUMN.

DULCE DOMUM wishes to exchange the air of London for similar quantity of sea breeze.

AMY has a heart, which she can warrant is a good one and quite sound. Is willing to exchange it for another equally excellent. Open to offers.

CAROLINE wants address; also a little tact; is willing to offer in exchange many valuable items.

FLORIDA has a temper she finds she cannot keep. What will anyone give for it?

GADFLY has been flirting too much at Scarborough. Wants an uninjured reputation, offers a seal skin jacket, a gold watch; or articles to any amount of value.

FLORA is desirous of a wedding ring, with suitable accompaniments. Can offer an affectionate disposition and an excellent mother-in-law.

SIX YOUNG LADIES are willing to officiate as bridesmaids to any one in exchange for subsequent introductions to a wedding cake.

YOUNG WIFE.—Wanted rules for the complete subjugation of a husband in return for a meerschaum and a latch key.

HOUSEWIFE.—I should be glad of a plan to make both ends meet of an income which only describes a semicircle. In return shall be glad to offer my gratitude.

JACYNTHA.—I am very anxious to obtain a beautiful complexion. Happy in return to give one or two fashionable chignons.

DEBORAH.—I much want eyebrows. I offer in exchange "Bloom of Minon" or 1000 old postage stamps to get an orphan into a school. G. C.

THE LUCINA OR MATERNAL PILL,

Prepared from the formula of one of the most eminent Physician-Accoucheurs of the present century. This medicine ensures a wonderful alleviation of pain to the mother, and promotes the healthy development of the infant. Full particulars with each box of the Pills. Prepared and Sold by SIMPSON and Co., 14, Southampton-row, London, W.C., and sold by Chemists, in boxes, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. Free by post for 14 or 33 stamps.

THE ladies are respectfully solicited to make a trial of the GLENFIELD STARCH, which they will find to be far superior to any starch for dressing laces, linens, &c. It is now used in all laundries, from the cottage to the palace, and when once tried is found to be indispensable. When you ask for Glenfield Starch, see that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profits.

BORWICK'S CUSTARD POWDER is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all Corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins.

From J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, Dorsetshire: "I consider BUNTER'S NERVINE a specific for tooth-ache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief." From E. Smith, Esq., Surgeon, Sherston, near Cirencester: "I have tried BUNTER'S NERVINE in many cases of severe tooth-ache, and in every instance permanent relief has been obtained." Sold by all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per Packet; or post free for 15 stamps from J. R. Cooper, Maidstone.

THE WEDDING DAY.—The most elegant arrangements can be made with marquees and tents, beautifully fitted up for the breakfast and the dance, by Benjamin Edgington. Estimates given for all parts of the Kingdom. Address for designs to 2, Duke-street, London-bridge. Tent and Rick Cloth Maker to Her Majesty and to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

"For a long period I have been subject to frequent attacks of lumbago, at times so severe as to totally unfit me for business. After trying many medicines, to little or no purpose, I was induced to use your Pain Killer, and the result was astonishing, for, after a few days, the pain left me entirely, and has not since returned.—J. J. HOARON, *New Mills, Derbyshire, Nov.*, 1869.—To Perry Davis & Son."

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—These celebrated pills are especially useful in preventing the bad effects of luxurious living. They purify the blood, cleanse the stomach, gently stimulate the kidneys, and act as mild aperients. Without some such corrective as Holloway's pills, the festivity of one day often debars us from all enjoyment for a week. A few doses of this purifying medicine sets the foulest stomach right, restrains biliousness, steadies the circulation, gives strength to the muscles, and composure to the brain and nerves. The pills are incapable of doing mischief to the most delicate constitutions. The hypochondriac will find this medicine to comfort his miserable nerves; it will increase the appetite, exhilarate the spirits, fill the vessels with pure, healthy blood, and regulate excretory organs.—ADVT.

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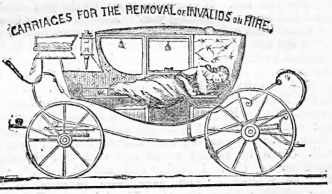

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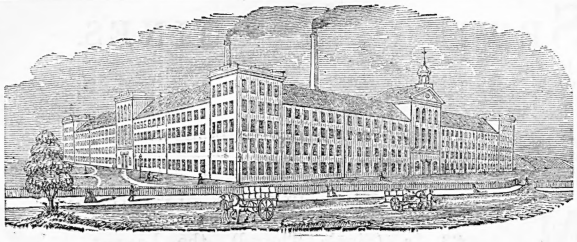

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